

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE BOY'S CARTOON.

(Scene: Florence, A. D. 1540)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"GOOD Master! I crave your service. See,
I am not the beggar I seem to be;
Though you 'll say, as I tell my story o'er,
It is such as you 've often heard before.

"T is not for myself," he sobbing said,—

"T is not for myself I 'm asking bread:

But my mother is breaking her heart to-day;

For she's ill, and may lose her place, they say,

In the silk-mill. If I could only get

A florin or two, she might hold it yet.

Old Tito, the picture-dealer, said

He would give me enough to buy us bread

For a month or more, should I chance to
meet

Some one of your craft upon the street,

And beg him to draw on the panel I hold

A sketch of the Sibyl gaunt and old

Whom the greatest of Florentine painters all

Has drawn on the Sistine Chapel wall.

A dozen I 've asked, good Master mine,

But none of them paused to draw a line.
You have pencils with you. Dare I claim
A picture, in charity's holy name?"

With a kindly look on his stern sad face.

The artist at once began to trace

The Sibyl ancient, and with such art

As quickened the throb of the boy's warm
heart.

No word as he worked did he deign to say,

But, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one

To whom he displayed the picture done.

"Where got you—?" came the question.

"Who

Has given a prize so rich to you?

Why, lad, that one cartoon you hold

Will bring you many a piece of gold;

And that you, a Florentine, should not know

The name!—It is Michelangelo!"

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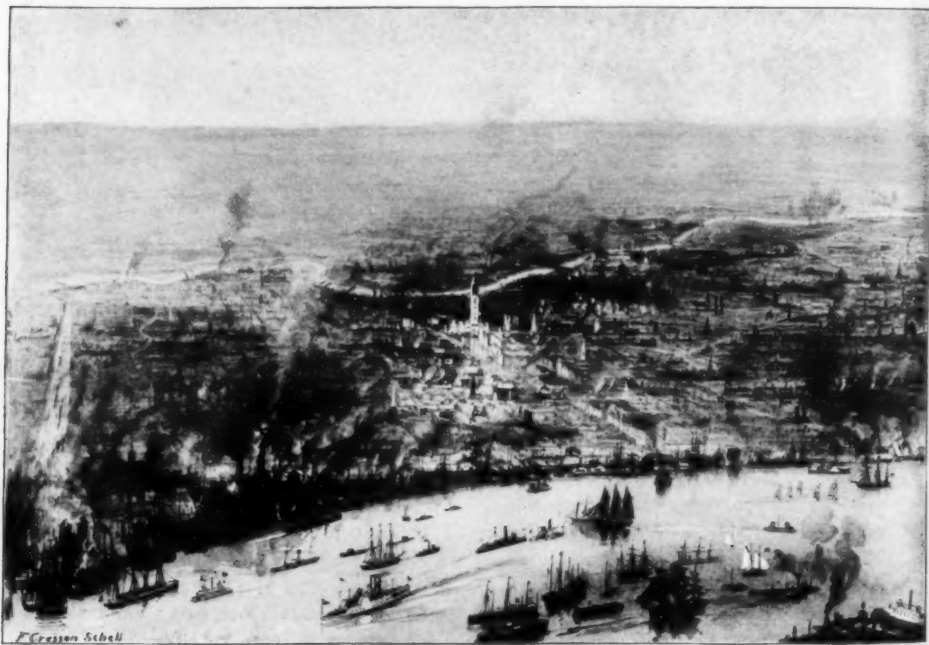
PHILADELPHIA IN 1730.

PHILADELPHIA—A CITY OF HOMES.

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS.

STATES and cities exist to make families comfortable, because this makes children comfortable. Unless the children are comfortable now, the next generation will fare ill. If you, my dear boy and girl, who are reading this page, are comfortably seated; if you have light enough on these lines; if the air about you is pure; if you find the house you are in a true home, be it large or small; if you are not told every time you jump not to make too much

noise, or the people above or below will object; if the street is safe for you at all hours of the day or evening; if it is, as nearly as may be, like a village street, quiet and clean, and not like a city street, noisy and noisome; if there is room for you to play outside the house, and room inside its walls to amuse yourself; if you are fed and warm, and happy—above all, if you feel in your house an atmosphere of security, and understand in a dim way that father and mother



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA FROM CAMDEN, N. J.—DELAWARE RIVER IN FOREGROUND.

own the spot called home and are safe there, then, as far as you are concerned,—and to the extent that this is true as far as all children are concerned,—the United States is a success. Unless there are a great many more of you children enjoying all I have said than are without such comforts, then the United States is a failure, no matter how big, or how rich, or how populous it may be, or how glorious its history.

The United States is here first, and chiefly, not to make history, as you might imagine from your school histories, but to make families and their children comfortable in houses of their own. Failing to do that, it fails in all.

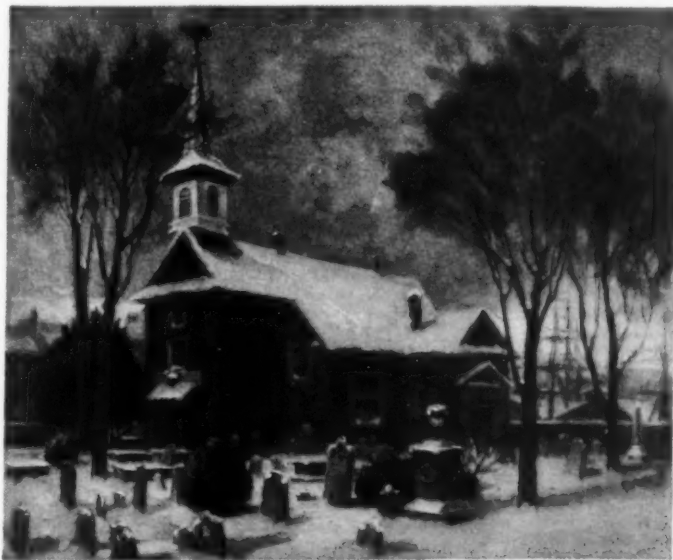
This is just as true of cities as it is of countries. Their first business is to make children comfortable.

They may wax large and great, and be famed and known without doing this, but even then they are just where the base-ball player is if he makes third and yet misses the home-

plate. So far as winning the game goes, he might just as well have gone out on three strikes. His base-hits may help his record and win a cheer, but they do not win the game unless he gets home. The only way to make children comfortable is to make families comfortable; and the best way to make families comfortable is to put each in a separate house which it owns. As far as a city succeeds in doing this, it succeeds as a city. As far as it fails in doing this, it fails as a city. If the families of a city are cramped and crowded, if each lives in a house it does not own, and dreads rent day; if it sees the sky only through a window-pane, and has neither roof nor yard it calls its own; if it has to share its staircase and its doorway with other families—and the staircase was never built which is broad enough for two families; if the street

is not a family street, and the seething and turbulent tide of city life wells and swells past its door, then neither the family nor the children will be comfortable. The city has failed.

It may, like Paris, fill its galleries with paintings worth a king's ransom, and sculpture which men cross sea and land to see for a brief moment and remember for a lifetime; it may carry its Eiffel Tower to the skies and set a light



OLD SWEDISH CHURCH.

there whose glory is as of the sun; it may line its ways with palaces, and draw to it all the world's wealth and wonder; but, for all this, failure is its portion. Families are not comfortable within its walls. Children are not at sweet ease in its ways. It has failed. Its day will come, as it came to Paris in 1871. The grim and iron girdle of war will surely bind its beauty, and for soft splendors there shall be desolation. All its garish glory shall be smoke, and garments rolled in blood shall be spread in all its streets. Famine shall devour its people, and fire its beautiful places.

I propose to tell you of a city which for two hundred years has grown so as to make families more and more comfortable; so as to set each in its own house; so as to make life easier

for all the world like those you may see on Swedish fiords to-day.

Penn sat in London over maps and plans, and laid out his new city on paper just as "boom" towns are laid out to-day in the West and South. He knew the ground. He understood its advantages. No seaboard river carried navigation so far inland. The Southern rivers were shallower. The Hudson ended in impenetrable forest. On the Delaware vessels stopped between the fattest fields along the whole coast. The very soil of the narrow peninsula between the Delaware and the Schuylkill is the only fertile city-site on our coast. It lies far enough south to gain the teeming life of fin and feather that fills the coasts and waters of the south Atlantic. You can still stand on the steps of Independence Hall on a still October day, and hear the crack of fowling-pieces among the reed-birds on the river.

Within the memory of men not old the chief meat-supply of the city was fattened on the flat rich farms which make up the "neck" where the Delaware and the Schuylkill meet. The land around Philadelphia is to-day a vast kitchen-garden. It always has raised more food than any area as large around any other of our great or growing cities. Lastly, just beyond these two rich river-valleys lie the first Western wheat-fields, in the fertile stretch of Delaware, Chester, Montgomery, and Lancaster counties.

The farms of these counties fed the army of Washington. His baker-general was a Pennsylvania German, Christopher Ludwig, who after a youth spent in fighting the Turk on the Danube, sold gingerbread to the boys of the Revo-

lution, in Letitia street. Beginning by baking bread at Valley Forge, he ended by baking six thousand pound-loaves for the surrendered army of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Uncle Sam's wheat-farm, which has cheapened the world's bread, began at the doors of Philadelphia. It was the first city to get rich selling wheat.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN IN HIS TWENTY-SECOND YEAR.

Pennsylvania farms gave it the first big rich thickly settled "back-country," on whose trade an American city grew great. Under the first President Adams, Lancaster, Pa., was the biggest American city back of the sea-coast. In 1890 instead of the first it was the sixty-first of such cities in population.

All this meant foreign trade and swift growth for Philadelphia. In its first forty years it grew faster than any other American city in its first hundred. It was the Chicago of the last century. In twenty years 2500 houses went up.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The like was never seen before. It has often happened since. Money was made easily. A bright boy of seventeen like Benjamin Franklin could walk up Market street in 1723 with two loaves of bread under his arm, and brains in his head, and in fifteen years become rich. Five years later he had retired from business, and had begun flying the kite, the spark from whose string told the world that electricity and lightning were one. In a town given to money-making, he stopped money-making at forty years of age and did something better—he served his fellow-men: He made scientific discoveries; he invented a new stove; he got together the first American scientific society;

he started a fire-company; he organized the Philadelphia police; he founded a library; he helped start a university; he turned men's thoughts to books, study, and knowledge. When the Revolution came he was old and rich. He put all at stake in his country's service. He was the only American who signed the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Peace, and the Constitution. He gave Philadelphia the one other thing which makes cities great: in him a great man had walked her streets.

Franklin's fortune was not the only one made in Philadelphia, a hundred and thirty years ago, in a trade as large as that of any two other American cities. Fifty years after Philadelphia

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was founded, it built the largest public building any American city had ever erected, the State House, now Independence Hall,—as it has to-day, in its city hall, the most costly. The Declaration of Independence was issued from the Pennsylvania State House because it was natural for the Continental Congress to meet in the largest, the wealthiest, and the most thriving of American cities, and to sit in the most imposing building in the thirteen colonies. It was not until the Erie Canal gave New York the trade of the West beyond the Alleghanies, that it became a larger city than Philadelphia.

Philadelphia in the last century was a big place for trade. In this hundred years, it has been a big place for making things. It has the biggest carpet-mills in the world. Its locomotive works, turning out two engines a day, are the biggest anywhere. But big works, although everybody talks about them, do not do as much for a city as a great many small ones. In no other city can a man find work of so many kinds near his house as in Philadelphia. This is because—there is always a “because” in cities—coal is near, and comes down the Schuylkill cheaply. But cheap coal is mere

cheap, black stones, unless people first know how to make things. Philadelphia, first of American cities, received people skilled in all the crafts of central Europe, which two centuries ago was ahead of England in making things. It is not now. If you will open your Physical Geography at the map of Europe, you will see a deep groove right down the Rhine to



Lake Constance, and then by the Rhine to the Mediterranean, while another groove runs east by the Danube. This groove, in the Middle Ages, when the pirate Norsemen closed the seas

to peaceful folk, was the great highway of Europe. In it sprang up earliest cathedrals, uni-



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE, ON MILK STREET, BOSTON.

versities, and factories. Right from the center of this industrial channel, there came to Philadelphia a German immigration, skilled in weaving, in iron, and in all the industries of two hundred years ago.

The English immigration, also, while it was led by Quakers,—good business-men all, people who paid their debts, told no trade lies, and had one price for all,—was made up of men and women from the cities of southern England. At that time, pretty nearly all the cities and most of the manufactures of England were in its southern half. They are not now. While New England and the South drew their immigration from country England, the incomers to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania were from the cities, the stores, and the shops of south England. When you look on the map of Philadelphia to-day, you see London names—Richmond, Kensington, and Southwark; and the largest places near are Bristol and Chester, named after the busiest ports of England in the seventeenth century.

Cheap food and industry will not make the families in a city comfortable unless a city has room to grow, is well planned, and wisely

governs itself. Philadelphia is fortunate in all three respects. The site is flat. All directions are open to growth. It is not cramped by river and bay, as are Boston and San Francisco. It is not on an island, as is New York. Swamps do not hedge it in as they pen Chicago. Building land, city lots, have always cost less and been more nearly of about the same price in its different quarters, than in any other city of a million people ever seen. The growth of the city has never been crowded. It has spread out in two- or three-story fashion over an occupied area which comes close to that of London itself. English towns, laid out on the lines of old Roman camps, with a Broad and a High street crossing each other at right angles, and lesser streets crossing each other checkerboard fashion, gave Penn the thought of his plan for Philadelphia.

When you have your big town, some one must own the land and the houses. If a few own them, the many will not like it. They ought not to like it. In a city where everything is right, every family will own something. That city is most near to the right thing where the most people own something. This will not come about unless the laws are right. The



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE, FIFTH AND ARCH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

laws are not good unless bread is cheap, unless men have skill in their work, and are of saving habits, and unless land is cheap, the city



INDEPENDENCE HALL, AT THE TIME OF THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

plan good, and wrong-doers are locked up at once. But all these things will not bring about the right city, in which most people own something, unless the laws make it easy for a man who works with his hands to buy the house he lives in. If a man owns that, he will care more about looking after his home than about mak-

ing a row because some one else is richer than he is.

This row is what older people call the "social question." Now, a man who owns the house he lives in does not want to make a row. He is too busy taking care of his house. You cannot make a rioter out of that man. He



"THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE." (FROM JOHN TRUMBULL'S PAINTING.)

is a "capitalist." He will never be a turbulent striker. He is, in the best sense of the word, independent. Riches are worth what they give. The best things they can give are comfort and security. The man who owns the house he lives in has these. In Philadelphia any industrious, saving man can own his home before he dies; and more such men own houses than do not. Philadelphia is the only city in the world in which this is true. This is the

biggest and best thing which can be said of any city.

The law in Philadelphia has made this easy, in the first place, by separating the owning of the ground on which a house is built and the owning of the house which stands on the ground. This is done by what are called fixed "ground-rents." A ground-rent is paid for the use of the ground independent of the house which stands on it. In Philadelphia, a ground-rent once



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE FRANKLIN AND WASHINGTON WENT TO CHURCH.

fixed by the man who first sells use of the land cannot be changed, and lasts forever. A ground-rent does not grow if the ground gets to be worth more: it stays the same. If the ground

to use it after it is saved. This is done in Philadelphia by savings-banks, which depositors themselves manage, in order to get together the money for each to pay for a house. When you



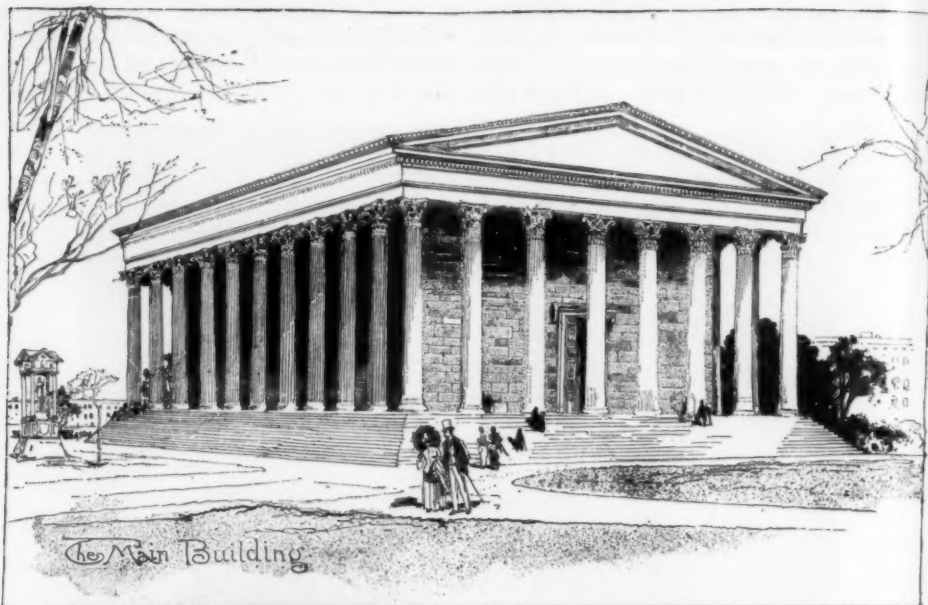
THE NEW CITY HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

and house get to be worth more, the man who owns the ground-rent does not benefit by this, but the man who owns the house. Practically, when a house is bought under this plan, only the house is bought — the land is paid for by a fixed yearly sum which cannot be added to.

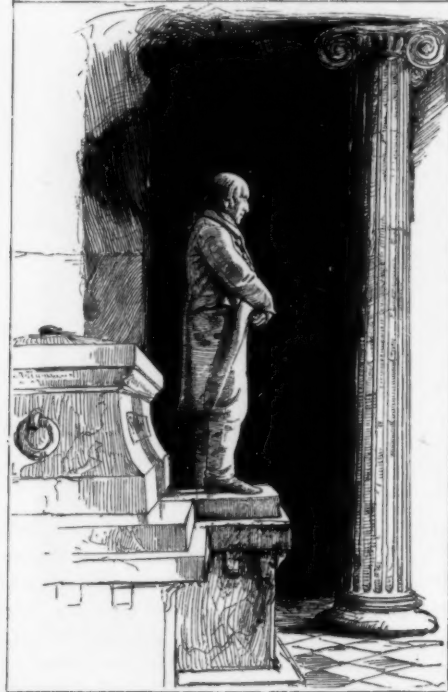
The law did this. This is one step. The next must be a desire to save money, and ability

and ten thousand other persons put your pennies in a savings-bank, they make many dollars. These dollars are taken by those in charge of the savings-bank and lent to men who pay interest. This interest is finally paid to you, less the cost of taking care of the money.

But you can see how, if a hundred of you got together and paid your pennies in, you might



MAIN BUILDING, GIRARD COLLEGE.



STATUE OF STEPHEN GIRARD IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

make your own savings-bank by letting one of your own number have the money at interest. Suppose he bought chickens with it, when he had made enough from the chickens to do so, he would pay the money back. Then another boy would get the loan and buy a printing-press. When he had made enough to pay that back, another boy would have his chance. When this is done by men and women to buy houses, their club is called a "Building Association." There are in Philadelphia about 500 of these associations, and 500 more in the State of Pennsylvania. The entire 1000, in 1889, were paying out \$33,000,000 to be used in buying houses; and of this about \$22,000,000 was being paid out in Philadelphia. From 1849 to 1876, these associations bought 30,000 houses, at a cost of \$72,000,000. Since then the associations have lent money to about 50,000 persons who were buying houses. In the last sixty years, about 80,000 houses have been bought in this way. The average price of a house began at about \$1000; it rose to \$2000; and now most of the houses bought by men who work cost from \$2500 to \$3500. What kind of houses are they? There is a

sample one, which has been put up at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. When you go there, you must look at it. There is nothing more wonderful in all that marvelous Exposition than this proof that the laws, the habits, and the business of a city of one million people can be so arranged that even the day-laborer earning only \$8 or \$10 a week can own the roof over his head and call no man landlord.

The result of all this is that Philadelphia is not a city of palaces for the few, but a city of homes for the many—which is better. It is not magnificent, but it is comfortable. In 1890 its 1,046,964 inhabitants were living in 187,052

they live in. It is the privilege of the prosperous. The number of families owning the house in which they live is from four to six times greater in Philadelphia than in any other great city of the world. You cannot know, until years and life have taught you more than any boy or girl should know of this hard and bitter world, how much of comfort, peace, and happiness is summed up in that statement. It means room and air and health. It means that each family can have its own bath-tub, its own yard, its own staircase, and its own door-step. These are simple daily blessings for most of us; but for tens and hundreds of thousands in



PHILADELPHIA WORKINGMEN'S HOUSES.

dwellings. This means that with only two-thirds as many people, it had twice as many houses as New York. With just as many people as Chicago, it had one half more houses. Of the 200,000 families in Philadelphia, seven out of eight had separate houses, and three-quarters of its families, or 150,000, owned the houses they lived in. In New York only one family in six lives in a separate house, and of these not one family in six owns the house it lives in. In Chicago less than half the families are in separate houses. In general, in big cities much less than half the families live in separate houses, and less than a quarter own the houses

all large cities they are absent. They are not enjoyed by half the people who live in the world's great cities.

As for owning a home, this is a blessing undreamed of probably by eight families out of ten elsewhere. To have given this blessing to eight citizens out of ten, is to work one of the world's great industrial miracles.

Home-owning for the wage-earner, comfort for the family, and room for the children are not all that a city ought to provide, but they are its first and most important duty. A city will not be all it should be even after they are got, as they are in Philadelphia. Street after

street of small two-story brick houses looks rather mean and dingy. If the great mass of voters are men owning small houses and living in a small way, then all the work of the city will be done in a small way, too. Pavements will be cobblestones, rough and dirty; the drinking-water will be plentiful, but indifferent. The schools will be numerous enough, but the pay of the teachers will be low. But it is better to spread a carpet on the poor man's floor than to spread an asphalt pavement under the carriage-wheels of the rich. It is better to have

nation was born in a day, and the freedom of man crowned with everlasting honor. But the



CHEAP HOMES IN PHILADELPHIA.

bath-rooms by the ten thousand in small homes, than to have brilliant fountains playing in beautiful squares. If one must choose between schools which are all they should be, and separate dwelling for the children of each family, better the separate home every time. The Declaration of Independence has unspeakably dignified Philadelphia in all history. Here a



TENEMENT HOUSES, THE CHEAP HOMES OF NEW YORK.

independence which has been secured for the man who works and for his family, is a not less wonderful triumph of the rights of man. It is a crowning victory for the comfort of children. When one is asked, as I was asked in writing this article, to tell the children of ST. NICHOLAS where Philadelphia could be justly praised among the world's cities, he can but point to the little home set among the splendors of the Exposition and say 150,000 of these, owned by the families which live in them, are such a triumph of right living in a great city as the world never saw before, and can see nowhere else but in Philadelphia, a city of homes.



"150,000 OF THESE."

ANOTHER HISTORY.*

BY ARLO BATES.

"WELCOME, old friend, Lysander Pratt!"
"Welcome, my dear Philander Sprat."
"What have you all these years been at?"

"I traveled to the wondrous East,
Its greatest marvels saw, and least."

"Oh, how extremely good was that!"
"Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."
"Now, wherefore not, Lysander Pratt?"

"Upon a raging Eastern sea,
The ship was wrecked that carried me."

"Alas! How terrible was that!"
"Not wholly so, Philander Sprat."
"Now, tell me why, Lysander Pratt."

"A swelling wave my body bore,
And cast unharmed upon the shore."

"What luck! Now surely good was that!"
"Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."
"Why not? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"

"Men were less kind than the cold wave;
They sold me then to be a slave."

"Ah, what a cruel thing was that?"
"Yet not all bad, Philander Sprat."
"What good was there, Lysander Pratt?"

"I sang, and pleased the Sultan so,
That gifts and gold he did bestow."

"Good quite unmixed, I'm sure, was that."
"Not good unmixed, Philander Sprat."
"What bad was there, Lysander Pratt?"

"So jealous were his favorites then,
They threw me in a lion's den."

"Oh, horrible indeed was that!"
"Yet not all bad, Philander Sprat."
"Say quickly why, Lysander Pratt."

"I found, dropped down into that lair,
The Sultan's long-lost signet there."

"Well, joyful chance most sure was that!"
"Yet not all good, Philander Sprat."
"Why not all good, Lysander Pratt?"

"So doting did the Sultan grow,
That home he would not let me go."

"Doleful most certainly was that."
"Yet not so bad, Philander Sprat."
"Tell me why not, Lysander Pratt."

"At last, so gracious had he grown,
He made me heir to crown and throne."

"In truth most wonderful was that!"
"But not all good, Philander Sprat."
"I see not why, Lysander Pratt."

"His sons both day and night sought still
How they my guiltless blood might spill."

"Alas, what woe, what pain was that!"
"Yet not all woe, Philander Sprat."
"Not all? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"

"'T was by their aid at last I fled,
And safely backward home was sped."

"Now surely wholly good was that!
On your feet fall you like a cat
Whatever haps, Lysander Pratt."

"Yes, safe through all I came at last,
And smiled to think of dangers past."

"Yet, I, who on high thrones have sat,
Came home as poor as toothless rat.
That was not good, Philander Sprat."

* See "Quite a History," in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1880.

THE GARRET AT GRANDFATHER'S.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

THE rooms at grandfather's house had been used so long, they were almost human themselves. Each room had a look of its own, when you opened the door, as expressive as a speaking countenance.

"Come in, children dear!" the sunny sitting-room always seemed to say.

"Sit still and don't talk too much, and don't handle the things on the tables," said the large, gleaming, dim-lighted parlors.

"Dear me, what weather this is!" grumbled the poky back-entry where the overshoes and water-proofs and wood-boxes were kept.

"There's a piece—of cake—in the cupboard for you," quietly ticked the dining-room clock, its large face looking at no one in particular.

But of all the rooms in that house, up stairs or down, not one had the strangeness, the mysterious nod and beck and whisper, of the murky old garret.

"Hark, what was that?" it would seem to creak; and then there was silence. "Hush! I'll tell you a story," it sometimes answered.

Some of its stories were true, but I should not like to vouch for all of them.

What a number of queer things it kept hidden away under the eaves that spread wide a broad-winged cloak of shadows! What a strange eye it had; its one half-moon window peering at you from the high, peaked forehead of the gable.

The garret door was at the far end of the long upper hall; from it the stairs (and how they did creak!) led up directly out of the cheerful daylight into that uncarpeted wilderness where it was always twilight.

It was the younger children's business to trot on errands, and they were not consulted as to when or where they should go. Grown people seem to forget how early it gets dark up-garret in winter, and how far away the house-noises sound with all the doors shut between.

When the children were sent up-garret for

nuts,—for Sunday dessert with mince-pie and apples, or to pass around with cider in the evening,—they were careful to leave the stair door open behind them; but there was little comfort in that, for all the people were two flights down and busy with their own concerns.

Down-stairs in the bright western chambers nobody thought of its being late, but up-garret, under the eaves, it was already night. Thick ice incusted the half-moon window, curtaining its cold ray that sadly touched an object here and there, and deepened the neighboring gloom.

The autumn nut-harvest was spread first upon sheets, on the garret floor to dry, and then it was garnered in the big, green bath-tub which had stood, since the children could remember, over against the chimney, to the right of the gable window. This tub was for size and weight the father of all bath-tubs. It was used for almost anything but the purpose for which it was intended.

In summer, when it was empty, the children played "shipwreck" in it; it was their life-boat, and they were cast away on the high seas. Some rowed for dear life, with umbrellas and walking-sticks, and some made believe to cry and call for help,—for that was their idea of the behavior of a shipwrecked company; and some tramped on the bulging tin bottom of the tub, which yielded and sprang back with a loud thump, like the clank of oars. It was very exciting.

In winter it was the granary. It held bushels and bushels of nuts, and its smooth, out-sloping sides defeated the clever little mice, who were always raiding and rummaging among the garret stores.

Well, it seemed a long distance, to the timid little errand-girl, from the stairs, across the garret floor, to that bath-tub. "Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness," she stepped. Then, what a shock it was, when the first loud handfuls of nuts bumped upon the bottom of the

pail! The nuts were pointed, and cold as lumps of ice; they hurt the small hands that shoveled them up in haste, and a great many handfuls it took to fill the pail.

Hanging from the beams that divided the main garret from the eaves, dangled a perfectly useless row of old garments that seemed to be there for no purpose but to look dreadful. How they might have looked in a different light cannot be said; there seemed to be nothing wrong with them when the women took them down at house-cleaning time and shook and beat them about; they were as empty as sacks, every one. But in that dim, furtive light, seen by over-shoulder glimpses they looked like dismal malefactors suffering the penalty of their crimes. Some were hooded and seemed to hang their heads upon their sunken breasts; all were high-shouldered wretches with dangling arms and a shapeless, dreary suggestiveness worse than human. The most objectionable one of the lot was a long, dark weather-cloak, worn "about the twenties," as old people say. It was of the fashion of that "long red cloak, well-brushed and neat," which we read of in John Gilpin's famous ride.

But the great-grandfather's cloak was of a dark green color, and not well brushed. It had a high, majestic velvet collar, hooked with a heavy steel clasp and chain; but for all its respectable and kindly associations, it looked, hanging from the garret rafters, just as much a gallows-bird as any of its ruffian company.

The children could not forgive their great-grandfather for having had such a sinister-looking garment, or for leaving it behind him to hang in the grim old garret and frighten them. Solemn as the garret looked, no doubt this was one of its jokes: to dress itself up in shadows and pretend things to tease the children; as we have known some real people to do. It certainly was not fair, when they were up there all alone.

The scuttle in the roof was shut, in winter, to keep out the snow. A long ladder led up to it from the middle garret, and close to this ladder stood another uncanny-looking object—the bath-closet.

The family had always been inveterate bathers, but surely this shower-bath must have

capped the climax of its cold-water experiments.

It was contrived so that a pail of water, carried up by the scuttle-ladder and emptied into a tilting vessel on top of the closet, could be made to descend on a sudden in a deluge of large drops upon the head of the person inside. There was no escape for that person; the closet gave him but just room to stand up under the infliction, and once the pail was tilted, the water was bound to come.

The children thought of this machine with shivering and dread. They had heard it said—perhaps in the kitchen—that their little grandmother had "nearly killed herself" in that shower-bath, till the doctor forbade her to use it any more.

Its walls were screens of white cotton-cloth, showing a mysterious opaque glimmer against the light, also the shadowy outlines of some objects within, which the children could not account for. The narrow screen door was always shut, and no child ever dreamed of opening it or of meddling with the secrets of that pale closet. It was enough to have to pass it on their lonesome errands, looming like a "sheeted ghost" in the garret's perpetual twilight.

The garret, like some of the great foreign churches, had a climate of its own; still and dry, but subject to extremes of heat and cold, in summer it was the tropics, in winter the frozen pole.

But it had its milder moods also,—when it was neither hot nor cold, nor light nor dark; when it beamed in mellow half-tones upon its youthful visitors, left off its ugly frightening tricks, told them "once upon a time" stories, and even showed them all its old family keepsakes.

These pleasant times occurred about twice every year, at the spring and fall house-cleaning, when the women, with brooms and dust-pans, invaded the garret and made a cheerful bustle in that deserted place.

The scuttle-hole in the roof was then open, to give light to the cleaners, and a far, bright square of light shone down. It was as if the garret smiled.

All the queer old things, stowed away under the eaves, behind boxes and broken furniture

and stoves and rolls of carpet, were dragged forth; and they were as good as new discoveries to the children, who had not seen them nor heard their stories since last house-cleaning time.

There was the brass warming-pan, with its shining lid, full of holes like a pepper-box. On this warming-pan, as a sort of sled, the children used to ride by turns—one child seated on, or in, the pan, two others dragging it over the floor by the long, dark wood handle.

And there were the pattens "which step-great-grandmother Sheppard brought over from England"; one pair with leather straps and one with straps of cotton velvet, edged with a tarnished gilt embroidery. The straps were meant to lace over a full-grown woman's instep, but the children managed somehow to keep them on their feet, and they clattered about, on steel-shod soles, with a racket equal to the midnight clatter of Santa Claus's team of reindeer.

There was a huge muff of dark fur, kept in a tall blue paper bandbox; the children could bury their arms in it up to the shoulder. It had been carried by some lady in the time of short waists and scant skirts and high coat-collars; when girls covered their bare arms with long kid gloves and tucked their little slippered toes into fur-lined foot-muffs and went on moonlight sleighing parties, dressed as girls dress nowadays for a dance.

One of these very same foot-muffs (the moths had once got into it) led a sort of at-arm's-length existence in the garret, neither quite condemned nor yet allowed to mingle with unimpeachable articles of clothing. And there was a "foot-stove" used in old times on long drives in winter or in the cold country meeting-houses. They were indefatigable visitors and meeting-goers,—those old-time Friends. Weather and distance were nothing thought of; and in the

most troublous times they could go to and fro in their peaceful character, unmolested and unsuspected—though no doubt they had their sympathies as strong as other people's.

A china bowl is still shown, in one branch of grandfather's family, which one of the great-aunts, then a young woman, carried on her saddle-bow, through both the British and Continental lines, from her old home on Long Island to her husband's house on the west bank of the Hudson above West Point.



"GRANDFATHER."

No traveling member of the society ever thought of "putting-up" for the night anywhere but at a Friend's house. Journeys were planned in stages from such a Friend's house to such another one's, or from meeting to meeting. In days when letter-postage was dear and newspapers were almost unknown, such visits were keenly welcome, and were a chief means by which isolated country families kept up their communication with the world.

There were many old-fashioned household utensils in the garret, the use of which had to

be explained to the children; and all this was as good as history, and more easily remembered than much that is written in books.

There was one of the old "Dutch ovens" that had stood in front of the roaring hearth-fires in days when Christmas dinners were cooked without the aid of stoves or ranges. And there were the iron fire-dogs, the pot-hooks, and the crane which were part of the fireplace furniture. And the big wool-wheel for the spinning of yarn, the smaller and lady-like flax-wheel, and the tin candle-molds for the making of tallow candles; and a pleasure it must have been to see the candles "drawn," when the pure-white tallow had set in the slender tubes and taken the shape of them perfectly, so that each candle, when drawn out by the wick, was as cold and hard and smooth as alabaster. And there was the "baby-jumper" and the wicker "run-around," to show that babies had always been babies—just the same restless little pets then as now—and that mother's and nurse's arms were as apt to get tired.

The garret had kept a faithful family record, and hence it told of sickness and suffering as well as of pleasure and business and life and feasting.

A little old crutch, padded by some woman's hand with an attempt to make it handsome as well as comfortable, stood against the chimney on the dark side next the eaves. It was short enough for a child of twelve to lean upon, and it had seen considerable use, for the brown velvet pad was worn quite thin and gray. Had the little cripple ever walked again? With what feelings did the mother put that crutch away up-garret when it was needed no more? The garret did not say how that story of pain had ended; or whether it was long or short. The children never sought to know. It was one of the questions which they did not ask: they knew very little about pain themselves, and perhaps they did not fully enter into the meaning of that sad little relic.

Still less did they understand the reverence with which the house-cleaning women handled a certain bare wooden frame neither handsome nor comfortable-looking. It had been made to support an invalid in a sitting posture in bed;

and the invalid for whom it was provided, in her last days, had suffered much from difficulty of breathing, and had passed many weary hours, sometimes whole nights, supported by this frame. It had for those who knew its use the sacredness of association with that long ordeal of pain, endured with perfect patience and watched over with constant love.

But these were memories which the little children could not share. When their prattling questions touched upon the sore places, the wounds in the family past, they were not answered, or were put aside till some more fitting occasion, or till they were old enough to listen with their hearts.

Under the eaves there was an old green chest whose contents, year after year, the children searched through, in the never-failing hope that they should find something which had not been there the year before. There were old account-books with their stories of loss and gain, which the children could not read. There were bundles of old letters which they were not allowed to examine. There were "ink-portraits," family profiles in silhouette, which they thought very funny, especially in the matter of coat-collars and "back-hair." There were school-girl prizes of fifty years ago: the school-girls had grown into grandmamas—and some were dead. There was old-fashioned art-work: paintings on velvet or satin; boxes covered with shells; needle-books and samplers showing the most exemplary stitches, in colors faded by time. There were handsomely bound volumes of "Extracts," containing poems and long passages of elegant prose copied in pale brown ink, in the proper penmanship of the time. And there was a roll of steel-plate engravings which had missed the honor of frames; and of these the children's favorite picture was one called "The Wife."

It is some time since I have seen that picture; I may be wrong about some of the details. But as I remember her, the wife was a long-necked lady with very large eyes, dressed in white, with large full sleeves and curls falling against her cheek. She held a feather hand-screen, and she was doing nothing but look beautiful and sweetly attentive to her husband, who was seated on the other side of the table

and was reading aloud to her by the light of an old-fashioned astral lamp.

This, of course, was the ideal wife, the little girls thought. Every other form of wifehood known to them was more or less made up of sewing, and housework, and every-day clothes. Even in the family past, it had the taint of the Dutch oven, and the spinning-wheel, and the candle-molds upon it. They looked at their finger-tips; no, it was not likely they would ever grow to be long and pointed like hers. *The wife no one of them should ever be—only a wife perhaps, with the usual sewing-work, and not enough white dresses to afford to wear one every evening.*

It took one day to clean the garret, and another to put things away; winter clothing had to be brushed and packed in the chests where it was kept; the clothes-closet had to be cleaned; then its door was closed and locked. The last of the brooms and dust-pans beat a retreat, the stair door was shut, and the dust and the mystery began to gather as before.

But summer, though no foe to dust, was a great scatterer of the garret mysteries. Gay, lightsome summer peeped in at the half-moon window and smiled down from the scuttle in the roof. Warm weather had come, the sash that fitted the gable window was taken out permanently. Outdoor sounds and perfumes floated up. Athwart the sleeping sunbeams golden dust-motes quivered, and bees from the garden sailed in and out on murmuring wing. If a thunder-storm came up suddenly, then there was a fine race, up two flights of stairs, and whoever reached the scuttle-ladder first had the first right to climb it, and to pull in the shutter that covered the scuttle-hole. There was time, perhaps, for one breathless look down the long slope of bleached shingles,—at the tossing tree-tops, the meadow-grass whipped white, the fountain's jet of water bending like a flame and falling silent on the grass, the neighbor's team hurrying homeward, and the dust rising along the steep upward grade of the village road.

Then fell the first great drop—another, and another; the shutter hid the storm-bright square of sky, and down came the rain—trampling on the shingles, drumming in the

gutters, drowning the laughing voices below; and suddenly the garret grew cool, and its mellow glow darkened to brown twilight.

Under the gable window there stood for many years a white pine box, with a front that let down on leather hinges. It was very clean inside and faintly odorous. The children called it the bee-box; and they had a story of their own to account for the tradition that this box had once held rich store of honey in the comb.

A queen bee, they said, soaring above the tops of the cherry-trees in swarming-time, had drifted in at the garret window with all the swarm in tow; and where her royal caprice had led them the faithful workers remained, and formed a colony in the bee-box, and, like honest tenants, left a quantity of their sweet wares behind, to pay for their winter's lodging.

There may have been some truth in this story, but the honey was long since gone, and so were the bees. The bee-box, in the children's time, held only files of old magazines packed away for binding. Of course they never were bound; and the children who used to look at the pictures in them, grew into absent-minded girls with half-lengths of hair falling into their eyes when they stooped too low over their books, as they always would to read. The bee-box was crammed till the lid would no longer shut. And now the dusty pages began to gleam and glow, and voices that all the world listened to spoke to those young hearts for the first time in the garret's stillness.

The rapt young reader, seated on the garret floor, never thought of looking for a date, nor asked, "Who tells this story?" Those voices were as impersonal as the winds and the stars of the summer night.

It might have been twenty years, it might have been but a year before, that Lieutenant Strain led his brave little band into the deadly tropic wilderness of Darien. It is doubtful if those child-readers knew why he was sent, by whom, or what to do. The beginning of the narrative was in a "missing number" of the magazine—it mattered not; they read from the heart, not from the head. It was the toils, the resolves, the sufferings of the men they cared about; their characters and



UP THE LADDER TO THE SCUTTLE.

conduct under trial. They agonized with "Truxton" over his divided duty, and wept at his all but dying words:

"Did I do right, Strain?"

They worshiped, with unquestioning faith, at the shrine of that factitious god of battles, Abbott's "Napoleon." With beating hearts and burning cheeks they lived in the tragic realism of "Witching Times." "Maya, the Princess,"

and "The Amber Gods," "In a Cellar," "The South Breaker," stormed their fresh imaginations and left them feverishly dreaming, and there in the garret's tropic warmth and stillness they first heard the voice of the great master who gave us Colonel Newcome, and who wrought us to such vivid sympathy with the fortunes of Clive and Ethel. And here the last number was missing, and for a long time the young

readers went sorrowing for Clive, and thinking that he and Ethel had been parted for all their lives.

These garret readings were frequently a stolen joy, but perhaps "mother" was in the secret of the bee-box and did not search very closely or call very loud when a girl was missing, about the middle of the warm, midsummer afternoons.

About midsummer the sage was picked and spread upon newspapers upon the garret floor to dry. That was a pleasant task. Children are sensitive to the touch of beauty connected with their labors. Their eyes lingered with delight upon the color, the crêpe-like texture of the fragrant sage, bestrewing the brown garret floor with its delicate life, already wilting in the dry warm air.

"September winds should never blow upon hops," the saying is: therefore the hops for a whole year's yeast-making were gathered in the wane of summer; and here, too, was a task

which brought its own reward. The hops made a carpet for the garret floor, more beautiful, even, than the blue-green sage; and as the harvest was much larger so the fair living carpet spread much wider. It was a sight to see, in the low light of the half-moon window, all the fragile pale green balls, powdered to the heart's core with gold-colored pollen—a field of beauty spread there for no eye to see. Yet it was not wasted. The children did not speak of what they felt, but nothing that was beautiful, or mysterious, or stimulating to the fancy in those garret days was ever lost. It is often the slight impressions that, like the "scent of the roses," wear best and most keenly express the past.

No child ever forgot the physiognomy of

those rooms at grandfather's: the mid-afternoon stillness when the sun shone on the lemon-tree, and its flowers shed their perfume on the warm air of the sitting-room; the peculiar odor of the withering garden, when October days were growing chill; the soft rustle of the wind searching amongst the dead leaves of the arbor; the cider-mill's drone in the hazy distance; the creaking of the loaded wagons, the bang of the great barn-doors when the wind swung them to.

No child of all those who have played in grandfather's garret ever forgot its stories, its solemn, silent make-believes; the dreams they dreamed there when they were girls, or the books they read.

GOOD NIGHT.

Now you sleep, dear! Do you dream?

Are you sailing far away?

On some fairy shallop bound

For a land where it is May—

Where no cloud is dark with rain—

Whence are banished ice and snow—

Where the roses have no thorns,

And the rude winds never blow?

Do you hear a music strange,

Wiling you to that bright shore—

Home of dreams that dance and sing,

Free of Earth forevermore?

Do you fancy you would be

Glad, like them, to idle there;

Far away from tasks and rules

Their light-hearted mirth to share?

Nay, I think you would come back,

Longing for the changeful days,

Wild with wind, or white with snow,

And the dear, familiar ways.

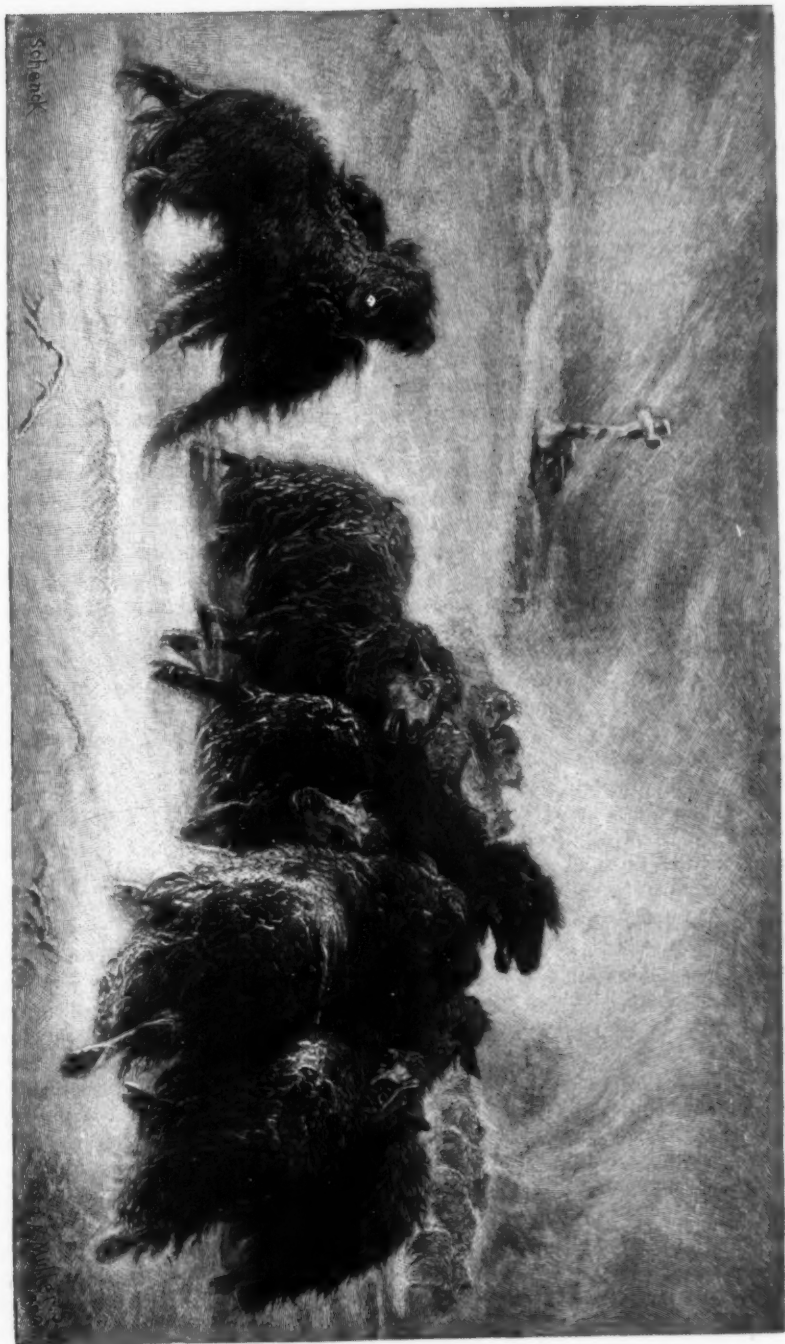
For the fairies, fairy-land—

Idle dreams for elf and sprite:

But for you—a child of Earth—

Earth's commingled shade and light.

Louise Chandler Moulton.



"LOST."

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS," FROM THE PICTURE BY AUGUSTE SCHENCK. BY PERMISSION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT SILENCE.

THE months of April and May were happy ones. The weather was perfect, as only California weather understands the art of being; the hills were at their greenest; the wind almost forgot to blow; the fields blazed in wild flowers; day after day rose in cloudless splendor, and day after day the Golden Gate shone like a sapphire in the sun.

Polly was inwardly nervous. She had the "awe of prosperity" in her heart, and everything seemed too bright to last.

Both she and Edgar were very busy. But work that one loves is no hardship, especially when one is strong and young and hopeful, and when one has great matters at stake—such as the health and wealth of an invalid mother, or the paying off of disagreeable debts.

Even the limp Mrs. Chadwick shared in the general joy; for Mr. Greenwood was so utterly discouraged with her mismanagement of the house, so determined not to fly to ills he knew not of, and so anxious to bring order out of chaos, that on the spur of the moment one day he married her. On the next day he discharged the cook, hired a better one the third, dunned the delinquent boarder the fourth, and collected from him on the fifth; so the May check (signed Clementine Chadwick Greenwood) was made out for eighty-five dollars.

But in the midst of it all, when everything in the outside world danced with life and vigor, and the little house could hardly hold its sweet content,—without a glimmer of warning, without a moment's fear or dread, without the precious agony of parting, Mrs. Oliver slipped softly, gently, safely, into the Great Silence.

Mercifully it was Edgar, not Polly, who found

her in her accustomed place on the cushions, lying with closed eyelids and smiling lips.

It was half-past five. . . . Polly must have gone out at four, as usual, and would be back in half an hour. . . . Yung Lee was humming softly in the little kitchen. . . . In five minutes Edgar Noble had suffered, lived and grown ten years. He was a man. . . . And then came Polly,—and Mrs. Bird with her, thank Heaven! Polly breathless and glowing, looking up at the bay-window for her mother's smile of welcome.

In a few seconds the terrible news was broken, and Polly, overpowered with its awful suddenness, dropped before it as under a physical blow.

It was better so. Mrs. Bird carried her home for the night, as she thought, but a merciful blur stole over the child's tired brain, and she lay for many weeks in a weary illness of delirium and stupor and fever.

Meanwhile, Edgar acted as brother, son, and man of the house. He it was who managed everything, from the first sorrowful days up to the closing of the tiny upper flat where so much had happened: not great things of vast outward importance, but small ones—little miseries and mortifications and struggles and self-denials and victories, that made the past half-year a mile-stone in his life.

A week finished it all! It takes a very short time, he thought, to scatter to the winds of heaven all the gracious elements that make a home. Only a week; and in the first days of June, Edgar went back to Santa Barbara for the summer holidays without even a sight of his brave, helpful girl-comrade.

He went back to his brother's congratulations, his sister's kisses, his mother's happy tears, and his father's hearty hand-clasp, full of renewed pride and belief in his eldest son. But there was a shadow on the lad's high spirits as

he thought of gay, courageous, daring Polly, stripped in a moment of all that made life dear.

"I wish we could do something for her, poor little soul," he said to his mother in one of their long talks in the orange-tree sitting-room. "Tongue cannot tell what Mrs. Oliver has been to me, and I'm not a bit ashamed to own up to Polly's influence, even if she is a girl and two or three years younger than I am. Hang it! I'd like to see the fellow that could live under the same roof as those two women, and not do the best that was in him! Has n't Polly some relatives in the East?"

"No near ones, and none that she has ever seen. Still, she is not absolutely alone, as many girls would be under like circumstances. We would be only too glad to have her here; the Howards have telegraphed asking her to spend the winter with them in Cambridge; I am confident Dr. Winship will do the same when the news of Mrs. Oliver's death reaches Europe; and Mrs. Bird seems to have constituted herself a sort of Fairy Godmother in Chief. You see, everybody loves Polly; and she will probably have no less than four homes open to her. Then, too, she is not penniless. Rents are low, and she cannot hope to get quite as much for the house as before, but even counting repairs, taxes, and furnishings, we think she is reasonably certain of fifty dollars a month."

"She will never be idle, unless this sorrow makes a great change in her. Polly seems to have been created to 'become' by 'doing.'"

"Yet she does not in the least relish work, Edgar. I never knew a girl with a greater appetite for luxury. One cannot always see the deepest reasons in God's providence as applied to one's own life and character; but it is often easy to understand them as you look at other people and note their growth and development. Now, Polly's intense love for her invalid mother has kept her from being selfish. The straitened circumstances in which she has been compelled to live have prevented her from yielding to self-indulgence or frivolity. Even her hunger for the beautiful has been a discipline; for since beautiful things were never given to her ready-made, she has been forced to create them. Her lot in life, which she has always lamented, has given her a self-control, a courage, a power,

which she never would have had in the world had she grown up in luxury. She is too young to see it, but it is very clear to me that Polly Oliver is a glorious product of circumstances."

"But," objected Edgar, "that's not fair. You are giving all the credit to circumstances, and none to Polly's own nature."

"Not at all. If there had not been the native force to develop, experience would have had nothing to work upon. As it is, her lovely childish possibilities have become probabilities, and I look to see the girlish probabilities blossom into womanly certainties."

Meanwhile Polly, it must be confessed, was not at the present time quite justifying the good opinions of her friends.

She had few of the passive virtues. She could bear sharp stabs of misfortune, which fired her energy and pride, but she resented pin-pricks. She could carry heavy, splendid burdens cheerfully, but she fretted under little cares. She could serve by daring, but not by waiting. She would have gone to the stake or the scaffold, I think, with tolerable grace; but she would probably have recanted any article of faith if she had been confronted with life imprisonment.

Trouble that she took upon herself for the sake of others and out of love, she accepted sweetly. Sorrows that she did not choose, which were laid upon her without her consent, and which were "just the ones she did *not* want, and did *not* need, and would *not* have, and could *not* bear,"—these sorrows found her unwilling, bitter, and impatient.

Yet if life is a school and we all have lessons to learn in it, the Great Teacher will be unlikely to set us tasks which we have already finished. Some review there must be, for certain things are specially hard to keep in mind, and have to be gone over and over, lest they fade into forgetfulness. But there must be continued progress in a life-school. There is no parrot repetition, singsong, meaningless, of words that have ceased to be vital. New lessons are to be learned as fast as the old ones are understood. Of what use to set Polly tasks to develop her bravery, when she was already brave?

Courage was one of the little jewels set in her fairy crown when she was born, but there was a round, empty space beside it, where Patience

should have been. Further along was Daring, making a brilliant show, but again there was a tiny vacancy waiting for Prudence.

The crown made a fine appearance, on the whole, because the large jewels were mostly in place, and the light of these blinded you to the lack of the others; but to the eye of the keen observer there was a want of symmetry and completeness.

Polly knew the unfinished state of her fairy crown as well as anybody else. She could not plead ignorance as an excuse; but though she would have gone on polishing the great gems with a fiery zeal, she added the little jewels very slowly, and that only on compulsion.

There had been seven or eight weeks of partial unconsciousness, when the sorrow and the loneliness of life stole into her waking dreams only vaguely and at intervals: when she was unhappy, and could not remember why; and slept, to wake and wonder and sleep again.

Then there were days and weeks when the labor of living was all that the jaded body could accomplish; when memory was weak; when life began at the pillow, and ended at the foot of the bed, and the universe was bounded by the chamber windows.

But when her strength came back, and she stood in the middle of the floor, clothed and in her right mind, well enough to remember,—oh! then indeed the deep waters of bitterness rolled over poor Polly's head and into her heart, and she sank beneath them, without a wish or a struggle to rise.

"If it had been anything else!" she sobbed. "Why did God take away my most precious, my only one to live for, when I was trying to take care of her, trying to be good, trying to pay back the strength that had been poured out on me,—miserable, worthless me! Surely, if a girl was willing to do without a father and sisters and brothers, without good times and riches, willing to work like a galley-slave, willing to 'scrimp' and plan and save for ever and ever; surely 'they' might be willing that she should keep her mother!"

Poor Polly! Providence at this time seemed nothing more than a collection of demons which she classified under the word 'they,' and which she felt certain were scourging her pitilessly and

needlessly. She could not see any reason or justification in 'their' cruelties,—for that was the only term she could apply to her afflictions.

Mrs. Bird had known sorrow, and she did her best to minister to the troubled and wrong little heart; but it was so torn that it could be healed only by the soft balm of Time.

Perhaps, a long while after such a grief (it is always "perhaps" in a great crisis, though the certainty is ours if we will but grasp it), perhaps the hidden meaning of the sorrow steals gently into our softened hearts. We see, as in a vision, a new light by which to work; we rise, cast off the outgrown shell, and build us a more stately mansion, in which to dwell till God makes that home, also, too small to hold the ever-growing soul!

CHAPTER XIII.

A GARDEN FLOWER OR A BANIAN-TREE.

In August Mr. John Bird took Polly to the Nobles' ranch in Santa Barbara, in the hope that the old scenes and old friends might soothe her, and give her strength to take up the burden of life with something of her former sunshiny spirit.

Edgar was a junior now, back at his work, sunburned and strong from his summer's outing. He had seen Polly twice after his return to San Francisco; but the first meeting was an utter failure, and the second nearly as trying. Neither of them could speak of the subject that absorbed their thoughts, nor had either courage enough to begin other topics of conversation. The mere sight of Edgar was painful to the girl, now,—it brought to mind so much that was dear, so much that was past and gone.

In the serenity of the ranch-life, the long drives with Margery and Philip, the quiet chats with Mrs. Noble, Polly gained somewhat in strength; but the old "spring," vitality, and enthusiasm had vanished for the time, and the little circle of friends marveled at this Polly without her nonsense, her ready smiles, her dancing dimples, her extravagances of speech.

Once a week, at least, Dr. George would steal an hour or two, and saddle his horse to take Polly for a gallop over the hills, through the cañons, or on the beach.

His half-grave, half-cheery talks on these

rides did her much good. He sympathized and understood and helped, even when he chided, and Polly sometimes forgot her own troubles in wondering whether Dr. George had not suffered and overcome a good many of his own.

"You make one great error, my child," he said one day in response to one of Polly's outbursts of grief; "and it is an error young people very naturally fall into. You think that no one was ever chastened as you are. You say, with Jeremiah, 'No prophet is afflicted like unto this prophet!' Now, you are simply bearing your own share of the world's trouble. How can you hope to escape the universal lot? There are dozens of people within sight of this height of land who have borne as much, and must bear as much again. These things come to all of us; they are stern facts; they are here, and they must be borne; but it makes all the difference in the world how we bear them. We can clench our fists, close our lips tightly, and say, 'Since I must, I can'; or we can look up and say cheerfully, 'I will!' The first method is philosophical and strong enough, but there is no sweetness in it. If you have this burden to carry, make it as light, not as heavy, as you can; if you have this grief to endure, you want at least to come out of it sweeter and stronger than ever before. It seems a pity to let it go for nothing. You can live for your mother now as truly as you did in the old times; you know very well how she would have had you live."

Polly felt a sense of shame steal over her as she looked at Dr. George's sweet, strong smile and resolute mouth, and she said, with the hint of a new note in her voice:

"I see, and I will try; but, oh! Dr. George, how does one ever learn to live without loving,—I mean the kind of loving I had in my life? How does one contrive to be good when one is not happy? How can one walk in the right path when there does n't seem to be any brightness to go by?"

"My dear little girl," and Dr. George looked soberly out on the ocean, dull and lifeless under the gray October sky, "when the sun of one's happiness is set, one lights a candle called 'Patience,' and guides one's footsteps by that!"

"If only I were not a rich heiress," said Polly

next morning, "I dare say I should be better off; for then I simply could n't have gone to bed for two or three months, and idled about like this for another. But there seems to be no end to my money. Edgar paid all the bills in San Francisco, and saved twenty out of our precious three hundred and twelve dollars. Then Mrs. Greenwood's rent-money has been accumulating four months, while I have been visiting you and Mrs. Bird; and the Greenwoods are willing to pay sixty dollars a month for the house still, even though times are dull; so I am hopelessly wealthy,—but I am very glad. The old desire to do something, and be something, seems to have faded out of my life with all the other beautiful things. I think I shall go to a girl's college and study, or find some other way of getting through the hateful endless years that stretch out ahead! Why, I am only a little past seventeen, and I may live to be ninety! I do not see how I can ever stand this sort of thing for seventy-three years!"

Mrs. Noble smiled in spite of herself. "Just apply yourself to getting through this year, Polly dear, and let the other seventy-two take care of themselves. They will bring their own cares and joys and responsibilities and problems, little as you realize it now. This year, grievous as it seems, will fade by and by, until you can look back at it with resignation and without tears."

"I don't want it to fade!" cried Polly, passionately. "I never want to look back at it without tears! I want to be faithful always; I want never to forget, and never to feel less sorrow than I do this minute!"

"Take that blue-covered Emerson on the little table, Polly; open it at the essay on 'Compensation,' and read the page marked with the orange leaf."

The tears were streaming down Polly's cheeks, but she opened the book, and read with a faltering voice:

We cannot part with our f—fr—friends. We cannot let our angels go. [Sob.] We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. . . . We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. [Sob.] We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had shelter. . . . We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. [Sob.] But we sit and weep in vain. We cannot

stay amid the ruins. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" . . . The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all sorrow. . . . The man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

"Do you see, Polly?"

"Yes, I see; but oh! I was so happy being a garden flower with the sunshine on my head, and I can't seem to care the least little bit for being a banian-tree!"

"Well," said Mrs. Noble, smiling through her own tears, "I fear that God will never insist on your 'yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men' unless you desire it. Not all sunny garden flowers become banian-trees by the falling of the walls. Some of them are crushed beneath the ruins, and never send any more color or fragrance into the world."

"The garden flower had happiness before the walls fell," said Polly. "It is happiness I want."

"The banian-tree had blessedness after the walls fell, and it is blessedness I want; but, then, I am forty-seven, and you are seventeen!" sighed Mrs. Noble, as they walked through the orange orchard to the house.

One day, in the middle of October, the mail brought Polly two letters: the first from Edgar, who often dashed off cheery scrawls in the hope of getting cheery replies, which never came; and the second from Mrs. Bird, who had a plan to propose.

Edgar wrote:

" . . . I have a new boarding-place in San Francisco, a stone's throw from Mrs. Bird's, whose mansion I can look down upon from a lofty height reached by a flight of fifty wooden steps—good training in athletics! Mrs. Morton is a kind landlady and the house is a home, in a certain way:

"But oh! the difference to me
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!"

"There is a Morton girl, too; but she neither plays nor sings nor jokes, nor even looks,—in fine, she is not Polly! I have come to the

conclusion, now, that girls in a house are almost nuisances,—I mean, of course, when they are not Pollies. Oh! why are you so young, and so loaded with this world's goods, that you will never need me for a boarder again? Mrs. Bird is hoping to see you soon, and I chose my humble lodging on this hill-top because, from my attic's lonely height, I can watch you going in and out of your 'marble halls'; and you will almost pass my door as you take the car. In view of this pleasing prospect (now, alas! somewhat distant), I send you a scrap of newspaper verse which prophesies my sentiments. It is signed 'M. E. W.,' and Tom Mills says whoever wrote it knows you.

WHEN POLLY GOES BY.

'T is but poorly I 'm lodged in a little side-street,
Which is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,
For the flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away
From its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;
And I sit with my pipe in the window, and sigh
At the buffets of fortune—till Polly goes by.

There 's a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,
And a rose in the bonnet above a bright face,
A glance from two eyes so deliciously blue
The midsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;
And once in a while, if the wind 's blowing high,
The sound of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

Then up jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.
"She 's coming!" it whispers. "She 's here! She has passed!"

While I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down
To catch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,
Excited, delighted, yet wondering why
My senses desert me if Polly goes by.

Ah! she must be a witch, and the magical spell
She has woven about me has done its work well,
For the morning grows brighter, and gayer the air
That my landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair;
And my poor lonely garret, up close to the sky,
Seems something like heaven when Polly goes by!

"P. S.—Tony has returned to the university. He asked after the health of the 'sunset-haired goddess' yesterday. You 'd better hurry back and take care of me;—no, joking aside, don't worry about me, little missionary; I 've outgrown Tony, and I hope I don't need to be reformed oftener than once a year.

"Yours, "EDGAR."

Mrs. Bird's letter ran thus:

"MY DEAREST POLLYKINS: We have lived without you just about as long as we can endure it. The boys have returned to school and college. Mr. Bird contemplates one more trip to Honolulu, and brother John and I need some one to coddle and to worry over. I have not spoken to you of your future, because I wished to wait until you opened the subject. It is too late for you to begin your course of kindergarten training this year, and I think you are far too delicate just now to undertake so arduous a work; however, you are young, and that can wait for a bit. As to the story-telling in the hospitals and asylums, I wish you could find courage and strength to go on with that,—not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of others.

"As I have told you before, the money is set aside for that special purpose, and the work will be carried on by somebody. Of course I can get a substitute if you refuse, and that substitute may, after a little time, satisfy the impatient children, who flatten their noses against the window-panes and wish for Miss Pauline every day of their meager lives. But I fear the substitute will never be Polly! She may 'rattle round

in your place' (as somebody said under different circumstances), but she can never fill it! Why not spend the winter with us, and do this lovely work, keeping up other studies if you are strong enough? It will be so sweet for you to feel that out of your own sadness you can comfort and brighten the lives of these lonely, suffering, these motherless or fatherless children. It will seem hard to begin, no doubt; but new life will flow in your veins when you take up your active, useful work again. The joyousness that God put into your soul before you were born, my Polly, is a sacred trust. You must not hide it in a napkin, dear, or bury it, or lose it. It was given to you only that you should share it with others. It was intended for the world at large, though it was bestowed upon you in particular. Come, dear, to one who knows all about it,—one whom you are sweet enough to call

"YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER."

"Mrs. Noble," said Polly, with a sober sort of smile, "the 'Ancon' sails on the 20th, and I am going to sail with her."

"So soon? What for, dear?"

"I am going to be a banian-tree, if you please," answered Polly.

(To be continued.)

DRIVING THE COW.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

It's just the time when it does seem

Like everything had gotten still,—

'Cept often, down beside the stream,

Why, maybe there's a whippoorwill;
And frogs always! But, somehow, they
Don't seem like noises made by day.

Then all up through the meadow-grass

It's nice an' cool for "Blossom's" feet.

I let the bars down while we pass,

An' 't seems like everything smells sweet.
It's red out where the sun went down,
But all the woods below are brown.

An' there's one star; but just as soon

As that comes out, it's gettin' dark!

'Way off, the cow-bells make a tune,

An' then our dog begins to bark,

An' lights, up at the farm, peep out,

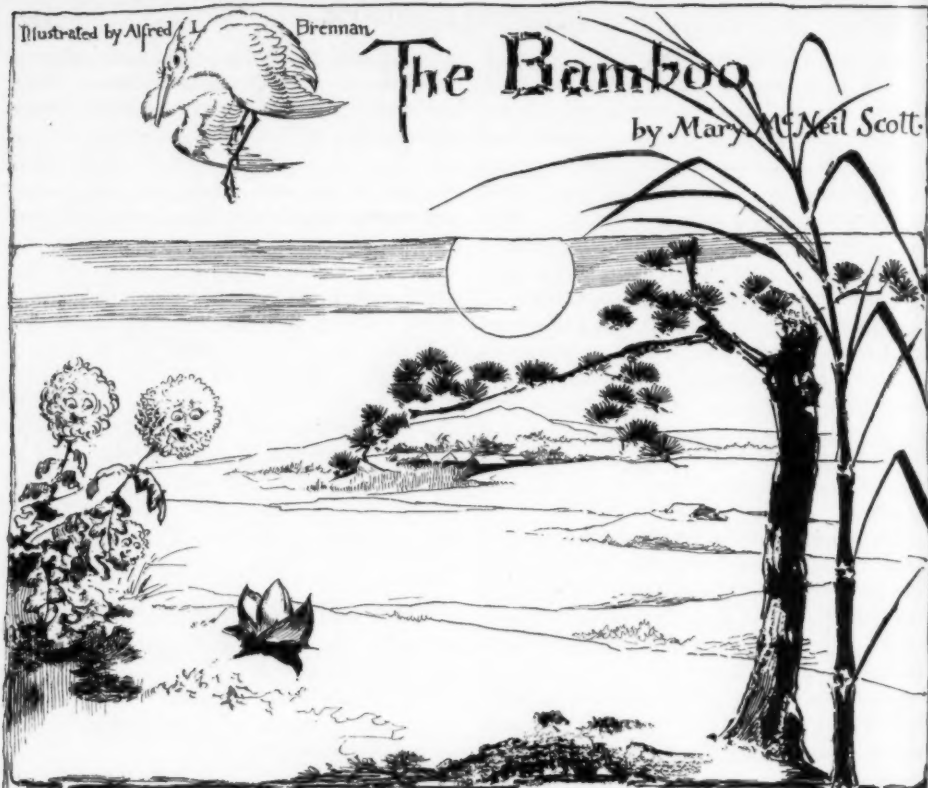
An' Granny's candle moves about.

Illustrated by Alfred

Brennan

The Bamboo

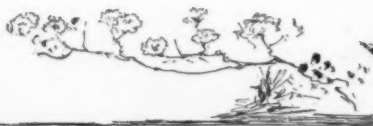
by Mary McNeil Scott

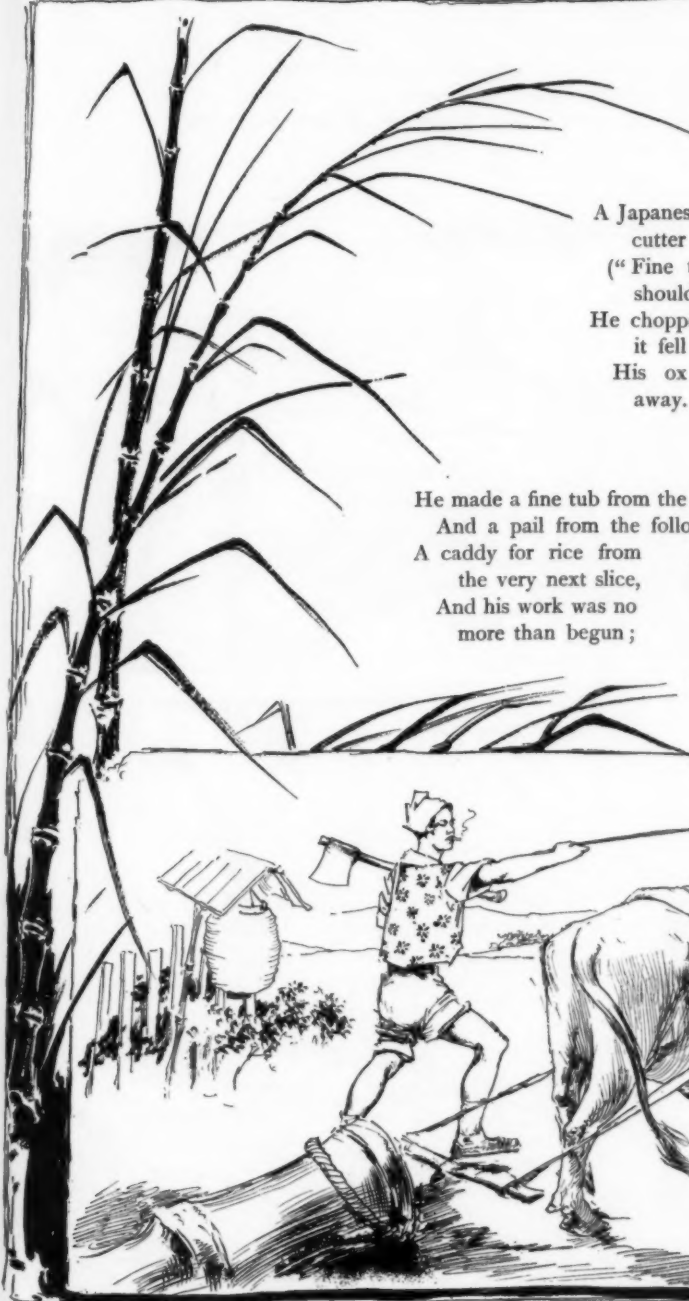


ONE night, when the hills were drenched with dew,
And moonbeams lay about,
The comical cone of a young bamboo
Came cautiously creeping out.

It tossed its cap upon the ground,
Amazed at the sudden light,
And so pleased it was with the world it found
That it grew six feet that night.

It grew and it grew in the summer breeze;
It grew and it grew, until
It looked right over the cam-
phor-trees
To the further side of the
hill.





A Japanese phrase the wood-
cutter used
("Fine tree!" is what we
should say).
He chopped it all round, till
it fell on the ground;
His ox then hauled it
away.

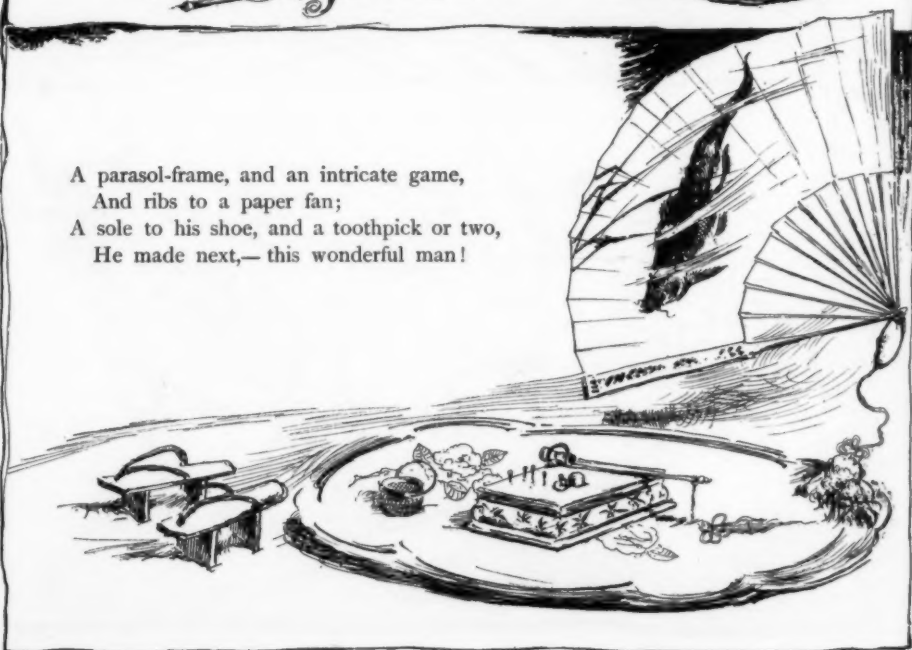
He made a fine tub from the lowermost round,
And a pail from the following one;
A caddy for rice from
the very next slice,
And his work was no
more than begun;



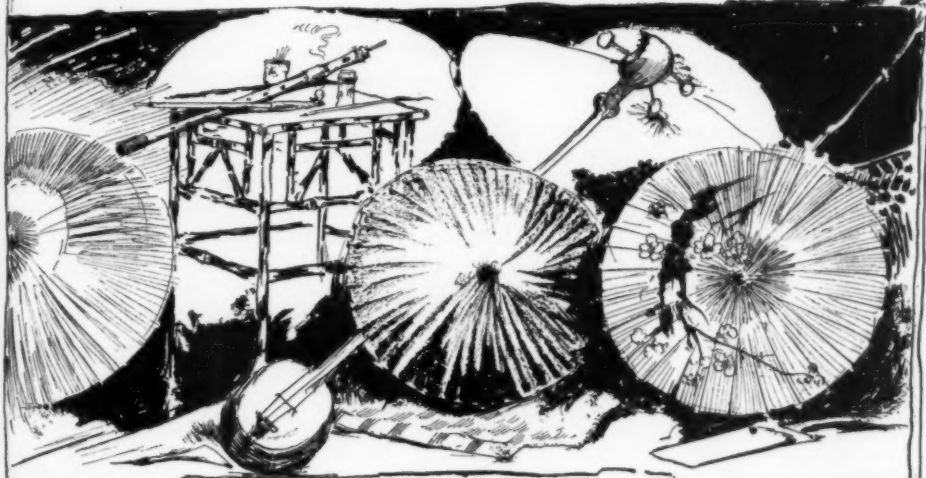
The next were tall vases, and medicine-cases,
 With dippers and cups galore :
 There were platters and bowls, and pickets and poles,
 And matting to spread on the floor.



A parasol-frame, and an intricate game,
 And ribs to a paper fan;
 A sole to his shoe, and a toothpick or two,
 He made next,—this wonderful man!



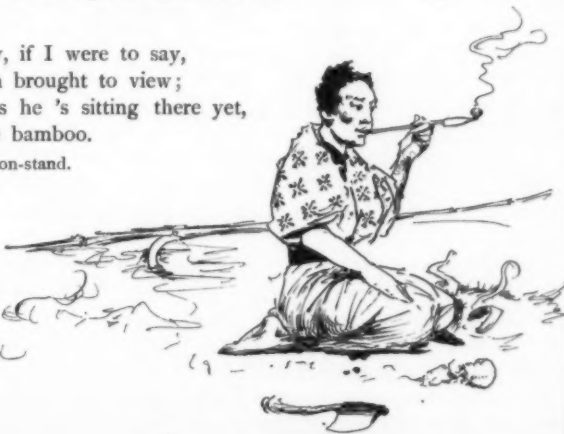
A pencil, I think, and a bottle for ink,
 And a stem for his miniature pipe;
 A ring for his hand, and a *shokoji* stand,*
 And a tray for the oranges ripe.



A rake then he made, and a small
 garden-spade,
 And a trellis to loop up his vine;
 A flute which he blew, and a tea-strainer, too,
 And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day, if I were to say,
 All that wonderful man brought to view;
 But a traveler I met says he 's sitting there yet,
 At work on that single bamboo.

* Luncheon-stand.



HOLLY-BERRY AND MISTLETOE.

(A Christmas Romance of 1492.)

BY M. CARRIE HYDE.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

VII. SWORDS, HALBERDS, AND CROSSBOWS.

The goodly men rode far, rode fast,
And reached the robber-den at last.

AN hour after returning to Twin Towers, though the sun was low, Egbert, with a fine following of armed men, was on his way to the robbers' haunt.

Upon Egbert's right, unhelmeted and with snowy hair drifting to his shoulders, rode the young knight's counselor-in-chief, a soldier seasoned by rugged warfare at home and abroad.

It was almost noon of the next day when Egbert's men entered the rocky ravine so snugly hiding the Hardi-Hoods.

Wood-cutter Canute, who had joined the robber-assailers, when he learned their errand as they passed his house, strode ahead as guide.

"We will ride at yon wall of rock, and knock upon it till they swarm forth as bees from an hive; then, with quick play of arms, all are at our mercy," said the old counselor.

"Marry!" cried Egbert, "I have a plan that betters that. These bees do sting. What say you to a fire before that oak door, and then—" But in an instant the whole of his men were surrounded by the Hardi-Hoods, who seemed to have sprung from the ground beneath the horses' feet.

"At them, ye brave men!" called Egbert, trying to reach a robber with the point of his sword, but missing his thrust, for his horse stumbled.

Then a hand-to-hand fight began. Strokes and thrusts filled the air, and laid many low upon the trampled ground, while a shaft from the well-aimed crossbow of the robber-chief opened a vein in Egbert's arm.

It was at this point that Ethelred, casting about him in the tight-shut cave for the cause of this sudden broil without, as a cry or shout

reached his ears, saw his little sword upon the wall, and reaching till his fingers clasped upon it, caught it down. Then pushing with all his boyish strength against the oak door, he forced it open, and running out into the midst of clashing steel and clanging halberd, cried:

"Hola! 't is Count Egbert, come to rescue me!" and urging his way to the knight's side, he used his little sword in sturdy protection of his friend till Egbert had time to stay his wounded arm by a quick binding of his handkerchief upon it.

The engagement was not so cruel nor bloody an affray as many of that day, and ended with less slain and hurt than might have been expected. Ethelred's right cheek was pinked, but what cared he for that?

"Now, your swords, your crossbows, your halberds!" demanded Egbert, not unkindly, the moment he had conquered; and after taking the counselor-in-chief aside for his advice, he announced the punishment upon the Hardi-Hoods.

"T is banishment to the high seas," said he, "until, perchance, you come upon some new shore. You are never to return to this, our coast. Now, away to yonder cove, where lies a boat of mine, which, before night, shall sail with you all aboard."

"T is generous of you, Count Egbert, and we go right willingly," responded the chief, while the rest made ready for the departure.

"What shall we do with this leaking bag of barley?" cried one.

"I will take it," said Canute; "I have a fancy for that which is my own."

VIII. ENTER ALL.

They come! they come! in brave array,
And bring a merry Christmas day.

CHRISTMAS DAY of 1492 had dawned crisp and clear; and though there was no sound of

merriment without or within Charlock castle, in the kitchen there was a boiling and brewing, a sputtering and stewing, that betokened hearty preparation for the great holiday.

"Yea, let the lads and lassies make merry!" cried Sir Charles to the cook; "and build you

"Yes, my lord," said the cook, meekly; and courtesying, she hastened to the kitchen, to set the scullery-boys to stoning raisins and slicing citron.

Bertha, no longer drooping like the lute-string ribbon on her last year's bonnet, nor



COUNT EGBERT AND HIS MEN ON THE WAY TO RESCUE ETHELRED.

a plum-pudding that shall be no less in girth than the waist of the largest of the three oaks!"

"Prithee," said the cook, "'t is seldom a pudding can be compounded that size, before it falls asunder."

"Let it fall asunder, then!" thundered Sir Charles, a gleam of wrath in his eye; "but make you it as I have ordered it, or—"

sad and woebegone as the cypress-tree, was spruced most chipperly, a bit of mistletoe in her red belt, and the train of her long gray gown pinned high, that she might the more quickly move from room to room, while she and Holly-berry busied themselves right gladly in decking the walls of the great hall with holly-berry and mistletoe.

Soon Bertha reappeared, gowned in a pink brocade, with still the bit of mistletoe at her girdle, looking as lovely as a blush-rose, though she was somewhat anxious, and spoke but little for watching of the clock.

Sir Charles was clad with more care than for a long week past. His hair and beard were brushed until they shone, and a medal hung upon the breast of the new slashed doublet he wore; while Holly-berry, in a holiday suit of white, bespattered with bright red dots, and with long, pointed cap to match, belted his waist with a spray of the red and green holly-berry, and stuck a bit of it in his cap-band, till he looked as festive as the plum-pudding itself.

Only the Lady Charlock, in a somber gown of black, seemed depressed and sad.

"T is three times the crows have called a funeral at us!" observed she, with a sigh, as crying

"Caw, caw, caw," the crows flew from east to west across the castle. "I hope your father hears them not, for 't is so bad an evil omen—the worst that is!"

"Mayhap not alway," responded Bertha. "It is somewhat fanciful, but it seemeth me they are only saying, 'Good Lady Charlock, why wear you a mourning-frock? Is it because you wish to look as black as any crow?' Go to, Mother! Let me fix this holly at your throat.

Now, that is better, and becomes you as well as the day."

The clock went one, two, three; the boar's head and the stuffed peacock were upon the board, flanked right and left by the smoking plum-pudding and steaming wassail-bowl, when a bugle-call was heard, thrice blending with the



"MAKE YOU IT AS I HAVE ORDERED IT!" THUNDERED SIR CHARLES."

trampling of horses, and the "Whoa, you there! Get you up, nag!" and "Have a care!" in strange voices, just without Sir Charlock's door.

Ere Sir Charles could answer a second winding of the bugle-horn, the double front door opened wide, and into Sir Charles's very presence came Egbert, Ethelred, the counselor-in-chief, and the entire retinue of returned robber-victors.

"By the muscle and brawn of twenty genera-

tions of Charlocks! what do you here, Count Egbert Traymore of Twin Towers?" demanded Sir Charles, feeling for his sword.

"I bring your son, Ethelred, as a peace-offering, well fitting Christmas day. Let bygones go by, Sir Charlock," replied Egbert.

"And won't you forget the feud, Father?" cried Bertha, advancing upon her father, with appealing eyes, as Sir Charles clasped his son in his arms.

"What feud? I know of no feud. 'T is already forgotten!" exclaimed Sir Charles, extending his hand most cordially to Egbert. "I have my son; that is enough. Here is your Egbert, and welcome. We will to the Christmas-board, and be happy."

"Holly-berry, you rogue, you shall sit to my right, the Jack-sauce for my pudding," said Sir Charles; "for I believe much of this is your devising; Egbert shall sit next his Bertha, 'neath that mistle-bough and by my Lady Charlock's right; while Ethelred, who has the look of one underfed on black bread, sits by me, on the left"; and so ranged and seated, there was not a merrier board for miles round than that of Sir Charles Charlock.

"How came your cheek so pinked, Ethelred, my little man; and Egbert so stiff in the use of his left arm?" asked Sir Charles, when they had reached mid-meal; and all at the table soon heard the story of Count Egbert's victory.

"So," continued Sir Charles, "here is to the brave Count Egbert!"

The toast was received with cheers.

"Now, Holly-the-wise, you shall call the next. To whom do you cry it?" said Sir Charles.

Holly-berry stood upon his seat, and shaking his cap-bells, said:

"Adown the road, far in the wood,
Lives one who 's always kind and good,
Turns hate to love, and wrong to right,

As changes darkness into light;—
You know her name, let us bestow
A ringing cheer on Mistletoe."

"Hear! Hear! Hear!" cried Count Egbert.

"Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!" cried Sir Charles,



BERTHA AND HOLLY-BERRY DECORATE THE GREAT HALL.

"with another, as merry, to this word-wag, Holly-berry!"

And Mistletoe, well content that the way of true love had thus been made smooth by her, sat in the blaze of her own Yule log, and knit her thoughts into a new romance.

THE END.

JUST FOR FUN.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



"Why do you jump wherever you go?"

Asked the rabbit, in '92;

"Because it is leap-year, doncherknow,"

Said the humorous kangaroo.



"I'd like a berth in the sleeping-coach,"
Said an Elephant, who was going far;
"The only trouble, though, is my trunk;
That has to ride in the baggage-car!"



Some bold bad thieves in a cave laughed out,
As their bags of gold they tossed;
"Sh! not so loud!" said one of the crowd;
"For if we are found, we're lost."

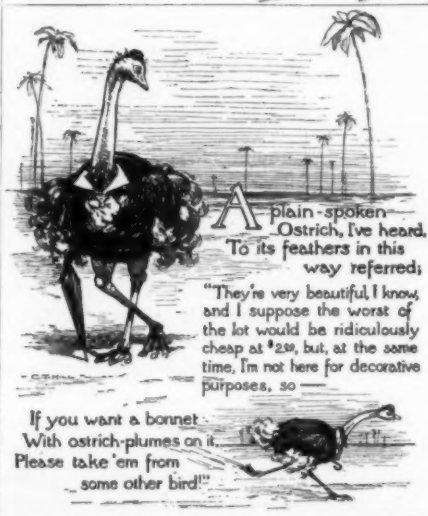


Five policemen in the night-time trying to find a wicked thief,

All in line, and with dark-lanterns, each of them shaking like a leaf.

"Sh!" cried the first, and "sh!" the second, "sh!" the third, and "sh!" the fourth.
 "Let's one go east, and one go west, and one go south, and one go north."

"Well," said the fifth, of all most frightened, "that will only take four; you know;
 Hadn't I better run back home, since there's no place left for me to go?"



"Were you at Bull's Run?" says the little boy;
 And says he, the old sojer-man,
 "Why, I grow out of breath when I think of it —
 I was one of the ones who ran!"

THE WHITE CAVE

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Began in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAND CORROBOREE.



THE roar of the surf on the shore of the ocean, after the ears of a listener have become accustomed to it, does not seem to interfere greatly with other sounds

which are different from it. The roar of a waterfall is much like that of the surf, and Ned and Hugh had become so accustomed to it that they could talk and hear almost as well as if it had not been there. So when they heard through the darkness of the forest an altogether distinct sound, it brought them to their feet, ready for action. It was natural that their first words should be: "The black cannibals! They are here!"

Hugh had been lulled almost into slumber by the monotonous song of the waterfall. Ned had been half dozing at the foot of a tree, barely awake enough to begin to guess that it must be almost time to change watches with Hugh.

His eyes had opened suddenly, and he was conscious that he was listening to something. "It sounded like the breaking of a stick!" he said to himself. "What is it?"

From the night shadows two human eyes were staring at him and Hugh and the fire.

"They are two boys!" whispered a voice. "How could they ever have come here? They seem to be alone. Well, if those six villains knew it, they would rob them. This is a strange piece of business!"

Just before that, he had made a forward step, and had trodden, full weight, upon a dry, brittle branch of a tree. It had broken with a sharp, loud snap, and that was the noise

which had startled the boys. He was now standing still and stroking his long, bushy, red beard.

"I must warn them," he said to himself; "but it may be the end of me. Perhaps I can get across the mountains again, and hide somewhere else. It is sure death to me, if I am taken."

He was almost afraid of doing a good action, for fear it might betray him to his enemies. He seemed to fear danger from every human being, good or bad.

He remained perfectly cool and calm about it, but suddenly he turned his head quickly, as if he too were listening as intently as was Ned Wentworth.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible? They are coming this way! Now I've got to go right in, or be torn to pieces. This is horrible!"

For just a moment he stood still.

Thud, thud, crash, crash,—a great, rushing sound, accompanied by loud, fierce cries, came through the forest. Whatever it might mean, the boys had their guns leveled, ready to defend themselves. Meanwhile the noise grew louder and nearer.

"Hugh," said Ned, "they're coming!"

"Stand your ground, Ned!" said Hugh.

"Boys," shouted a deep voice out of the darkness, "get close to the fire. That's your only chance. I'm coming there, too. The fire! Quick!"

"Ned—" began Hugh, but he was cut short there, for a great, dim, blurred form bounded from the shadows and flashed past him with a long, flying leap that carried it clear over the fire.

Hugh stood motionless, but Ned was more wide awake. Still, it was almost by instinct that his gun came up to his shoulder and was discharged at that startling phantom. Over and

over the creature rolled upon the ground, while another and then another followed it.

"Don't shoot again, boys! Stand close by the fire. Those are kangaroos! And now come the dingoes! Hear that?"

"Dingoes, Ned! They are wild dogs!" shouted Hugh, as he obeyed the warning. "They won't come near a fire. Oh, I'm glad it's a good blaze!"

"You may be thankful," said the deep, warning voice, as its owner came striding in and stood beside them. "There they come! I've lived in these woods a long time, but I never before knew of dingoes running kangaroos at night."

"I've known them to kill hundreds of sheep at night, upon our place," said Hugh. "That's their time. I think they get their kangaroo mutton whenever they can."

"I should n't wonder if they did, only I never saw it. What a pack!" exclaimed the stranger. Then, remembering that he had not said a word as to who he was, he turned to Ned and remarked suddenly, "You never saw me before. My name's Beard."

"Beard?" said Ned. "My name is Wentworth. And this is Hugh Parry."

"I know," said Beard, looking keenly at Hugh; "son of Sir Frederick Parry, of the Grampians. Look at those dingoes! There's enough of them to tear down a dozen men!"

The forest seemed to be full of gleaming eyes, white teeth, snapping jaws, fierce yells and snarls, as the dingoes dashed around, hither and thither, longing to rush in upon the three human beings and the fallen kangaroo, but in wild-beast fear of the glowing camp-fire.

"Heap up the fire," said Beard. "We must keep it blazing. They won't stay here. Some of the pack went right on after the other kangaroos. Don't waste any ammunition on dingoes. It's precious stuff, out here."

The barking wild dogs circled around the camp again and again, and then, as if with one accord, they gave it up, and the sound of their cries died away in the depths of the woods.

As for Ka-kak-kia and his five comrades, they had not traveled far after finding the trail which they intended to follow next morning,

and they were now sound asleep among the bushes.

The larger band of blackfellows had been in a different state of mind as to the best way of spending an evening. It had been a great thing for them to capture so very large and fat a kangaroo as the one which was now cooking in their deep, fire-heaped oven-hole. As soon as he was done he would make a splendid barbecue, with which to celebrate their victory over Ka-kak-kia.

It was not a great while before they began to rake away the fire and pry out the roast.

They ate it all, taking plenty of time and dividing fairly. Even the speared warrior ate well. The darkness came upon them before their meal was over, but their fire had not been permitted to burn low. It was heaped and heaped, for it was to be the central point of a grand "palti," or "corroboree" dance, to be performed in the most complete manner, before taking a war-hunt after Ka-kak-kia and his followers.

One of them must have had with him a bag of white ocher, and the kangaroo they had roasted had supplied grease enough to turn it into paint. They were all of them corroboree artists, and knew how to smear lines of white along their ribs and limbs, so that each black form suggested the outlines of a bleached skeleton. Time was consumed by the work of decoration, but at last they were ready for the dance. With their "wirri" or waddy-clubs in hand, upon beginning, and afterward with spears, shields, and other sticks, successively, around and around the roaring bonfire, which they had piled up with resinous wood, the hideous figures pranced, and danced, and whirled to the time of a wild, monotonous chant.

Then the dance changed, and one by one they bounded, and gesticulated, and boasted, and whooped, and brandished their weapons, looking very much like so many skeletons capering between the firelight and the darkness. The wonder was, how they could caper so long and yell so loudly, after having eaten so much kangaroo, of which, indeed, nothing but the picked bones remained.

It was very late when the corroboree ended, and at the hour when the black, skeleton-

painted savages gave it up and lay down to sleep off their fatigue, an absolute contrast to this barbaric scene was presented by the camp of Sir Frederick Parry, on the bank of the swift river.

Two white tents had been pitched—one for Sir Frederick and Lady Maude, and one for Helen Gordon. Another tent-cover lay on the grass; but it had not been set up, for it belonged to the absent boys and was not now needed. Marsh, the mule-driver, lay sound asleep on a blanket near the spot where his mules were hitched. Bob McCracken also lay

the sentinel, sniffing, whining, yawning, as if he were still uneasy.

Ned and Hugh did not feel at all like going to sleep again, after having been stirred up in such a manner. As soon as the excitement about the wild dogs subsided a little, they began to stare hard at the man Beard. He was far more unexpected out there in the bush than were wolves or kangaroos. He was as little expected as the blackfellows.

The boys' presence was as great a surprise to him, and he said so.



"HE SAT BY THE FIRE AND COOKED FOR HIMSELF SLICE AFTER SLICE OF KANGAROO MEAT."

asleep on a blanket, just inside of the line to which he had carefully fastened the halter of every horse in the camp. On one side of him lay a rifle, and on the other a gun, and he had his boots on. As for Sir Frederick's other men, Keets must have been asleep in the wagon, but Brand was awake and on his feet, walking slowly, steadily all around the camp as a sentinel. He had a gun on his shoulder, a revolver in his belt, and his eyes were all the while busy, as if he expected somebody.

The two hounds lay under the wagon; the fire burned well; the horses and mules stamped now and then; while Yip walked around behind

"How on earth did you get away out here?" he asked; and they told him, very freely, while he sat by the fire and cooked for himself slice after slice of kangaroo meat, like a man who was very hungry.

"He 's a tremendous fellow," whispered Hugh to Ned. "He must be a bushranger, and a desperate sort of chap!"

"He seems good-natured enough," whispered Ned. "He looks as if he might be as strong as a horse."

"I think he is," said Hugh.

"Who did you say were in Sir Frederick's party?" Beard asked them. "Tell me again."

He seemed to be talking like a man half awake, or in a sort of dream; but Hugh repeated the names, one by one.

"Helen Gordon?" said Beard. "Any relation to the Gordons of Falcon Hall, in Yorkshire?"

"That 's where they lived once," said Hugh. "My grandfather does n't keep up the hall now. He has leased it. My mother was his only daughter. Uncle Robert 's in India, in the army—"

"Your mother was Maude Gordon? Your cousin Helen is a daughter of Robert Gordon?" asked Beard.

"Yes," said Hugh, thinking it odd to be questioned about his family by a wild, red-bearded fellow, there in the wilderness.

"And they 're lost? Lost in the bush—and you are, too?" asked Beard, as if he needed to say something.

"We 've lost them, anyhow," said Ned, breaking in. "We don't know which way to turn to find them."

"Tell me again about the blackfellows," said Beard, turning his face once more full upon them. It was strangely flushed, and it looked very red in the firelight.

Ned Wentworth had hardly had a chance to talk up to that moment, and it was his turn. He told all there was to tell up to the beginning of the skirmish, but there he was interrupted.

"Ka-kak-kia?" exclaimed Beard. "I know him. He 's a friend of mine. He and his fellows would n't be half so likely to kill me as the others would. A blackfellow will kill anybody, though, if he thinks he can gain anything by it. You can't trust them. Well, what with white savages and black savages, and dingoes, these woods are full of wolves!"

"The dingoes were killing sheep at the Grampians when we came away," said Hugh; "but we did n't think of finding any blackfellows or bushrangers out here. Father said they were all gone."

"They 're not, then," said Beard, in a hoarse, rasping voice. "There are six of the worst white villains camped within three miles of this very spot! They 'll be here after us in the morning. If they found your father's camp, they 'd be more dangerous than blackfellows."

"They would n't attack it, would they?" exclaimed Hugh, springing up in sudden dismay. "What? Attack my father, and mother, and Helen?"

"I 'm afraid so; and lay it to the blackfellows, or to me, if it should ever be discovered. But they would n't leave a trace of it, with the river close by to hide everything in. I know them. They 'd assert that I did it. They 've done that sort of thing before."

All that Hugh and Ned could do was to look at each other and draw long breaths of fear and grief. It was a dreadful state of affairs, and the man Beard put his head down on his folded arms and sat still for fully a minute.

"Boys," said he at last, looking up, "we must n't be near this fire after daylight; but we can lie down for a while now. You 'll all get safely out. Promise me one thing, on your word of honor."

"We 'll promise," said Hugh.

"I 'll promise anything that I ought," said Ned. "What is it?"

"If I get you safe back to your own camp, promise not to tell how you got there. Promise not to say that you met me. You may tell your father and your mother, in confidence, but you are not to tell anybody else."

They promised solemnly.

"I have got to get out of this region, anyhow," said Beard; "but I don't want anybody to know even that I 've been here."

He was evidently a very queer fellow. He was roughly clad, wild, savage, desperate-looking, but there was something gentle and kindly in the way he spoke. His eyes were bloodshot, and his voice was hoarse, and now and then he showed his strong, white teeth. He said very little more, but he made the boys lie down, telling them to go to sleep, if they could, and there he sat and looked at the fire, with his repeating-rifle in his lap.

"Ned," said Hugh, as they stretched out on their blankets under a tree, "do you believe you can sleep?"

"It seems as if I could n't do anything else," said Ned. "If I don't, I won't be worth a cent to-morrow."

Sleep will come to over-tired boys, even if they try to keep their eyes open. So it was

that neither of them heard the man Beard muttering, after a while, there by the fire:

"So it is Hugh Gordon Parry!—and Maude, and Helen Gordon! Well, my time has come. What on earth made them all come out here to be speared or clubbed in the bush! No, I can save them! I *will* save them, no matter what becomes of me!"

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST!

SIR FREDERICK PARRY'S camp was astir at daylight the next morning. As soon as there was light enough to cast a line, the baronet himself was fishing from the rock by the water's edge, and was having fair success, although none of the fish were large. He was evidently depressed, and he paid no attention to the preparations for breakfast going on at a little distance behind him. The fire was blazing vigorously; the camp table was already spread with its white cloth, its bright cutlery, its silver, and its china. There was also a stir in the tents, and before long Lady Parry came out of one of them, and Helen Gordon out of the other. Both were looking pale, and as if they had not rested well.

"Oh, Aunt Maude," said Helen, "I had such awful dreams about Hugh and Ned! I feel as if I could find them myself."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Lady Parry. "You look pale and ill. Yes, we must find them, and I hope we shall find them to-day."

Helen tried to speak again, but her voice seemed to fail her, and she turned away. In another moment her aunt was at the water-side, exclaiming: "Fred, where do you think the boys are? We must find them!"

"My dear," he replied consolingly, "no doubt we shall find them. As to getting home, all we have to do is to follow this river down. We will start as soon as we find the boys."

"Frederick," she said, "if anything has happened to them, I—"

Her voice thrilled and trembled with suffering, and there was so much anguish in her face that Sir Frederick turned away his gaze and replied:

"Immediately after breakfast we will all search for them"—and just there he hooked

a fish, and had an excuse for not saying anything more.

Nevertheless, the day's work of the people in that camp was already cut out for them; and so too for the other parties wandering in that forest.

The black boy, in the shelter of a tuft of weeds, awoke as early as Bob McCracken among his horses. The boy had no breakfast to get, nor had he anything to get one with, for the wicked white men had robbed him of all his hunting-sticks. He was not discouraged, however, for he seemed to have a definite idea of the direction he should take to find his people.

The camp of blackfellows that he set out to find with such a remarkable degree of energy, did not contain his mother or aunts or sisters, for it was a camp of warriors and hunters, and it had left all womankind in a place so far away that sheep-farmers, like the owner of the Grampians, naturally supposed that no savages were likely to trouble them.

The corroboree dancers must have been fatigued, for they had danced long and late; but for all that they were stirring at the first dawn of light. They built up their fire, although there was not a mouthful of anything left for them to cook for breakfast, and neither was there any water for them to drink; but they did not seem at all disturbed by that. Soon after waking, they were searching among the trees for a "grass" or "blackboy" tree,—what white men would have called a "blue-gum" tree, or "eucalyptus."

They found several, some old and some young; but they chose the latter. Each man began to dig with one of his sticks at about four or five feet from the foot of one of those trees. He dug down until he came to a main root, with fresh, succulent branches shooting from it. He cut off a shoot, split it, and began to chew it, getting water from it as if it had been a slice of watermelon, and soon there were no thirsty blackfellows in that party. As for eating, they had done well enough the day before. Their next movement was to sit down in a circle and hold a kind of jabber-talk that did not last long. They pointed at the cabbage-palm and across the prairie, and shook

their heads. Ka-kak-kia and his friends would not be so unwise as to stay there and be speared. They had gone surely, and the corroboree dancers all said so; and they were entirely correct. The chief and his five followers knew that they would be hunted after, and they also intended to hunt for other people, and so all their sticks were picked up about as early as they could be seen, and their owners were already pushing on cautiously through the forest, in a line that indicated they intended to visit the white boys' camp at the waterfall. If that were so, however, they were likely to find there a deserted camp, for not a man in all that bush was on his feet earlier than was Beard, the cave-man, and he at once awoke his young companions.

Ned and Hugh had slept well, with an idea that they were under a sort of protection; but they sprang to their feet promptly when they were stirred up. Then they each looked very hard at Beard, as if they were anxious to see what sort of man he might be by daylight.

It was not quite daylight yet, but they got an idea of a very powerful, very rugged, wild-looking man, with as gloomy a face as they had ever seen. His voice, when he spoke to them, was very deep, but it was kindly enough.

"We must have breakfast directly," he said. "There is no time to spare."

"Do you think the blackfellows will follow us?" asked Ned.

"There is no doubt of it," said Beard. "They're too stupid and obstinate to give up anything. They'll follow a party for weeks, when they've once begun the pursuit."

"Mr. Beard," said Hugh, "how many kangaroos there are in this forest!"

"Yes," said Beard. "As soon as the blacks were driven off, there was nobody to hunt 'em, and so their number increased. That's what brings the blackfellows back again, and it brings the dingoes too."

"I wonder if the big flocks of sheep don't partly account for there being more dingoes," said Hugh, soberly. "I never thought of that."

"Other men have," said Beard. "Wild animals have to eat something. The dingoes would disappear if they could not find food."

He talked freely about anything and everything that lived in the woods; but every time either of them said or asked anything about himself, he evaded the question completely, and they could learn nothing concerning him.

"The blackfellows may be after us," remarked Ned, "but they will have some distance to travel."

"The white savages have n't far to go," replied Beard. "I'm more afraid of them. I'm going to put you into a safe hiding-place for a while, and then I'm going to scout and see what they're about. I don't want you to be speared or shot while I'm away."

"I quite agree with you," said Hugh; "but we must find our camp."

"Don't worry," replied Beard. "Let us get away from here first."

The horses being quickly saddled, the boys mounted and set out. They took all their game with them, as they might need it for food.

The six white rascals who had camped at the foot of the great stump were also astir early. While they were eating breakfast, however, they watched carefully the woods around them, and talked about blackfellows and coffee-pots. Not one of them had the least idea that the lost coffee-pot was at that moment resting quietly within the hollow of the enormous trunk beside them.

"Tell ye what, boys," said Bill, at the end of a long discussion, "we have n't come away out here for nothing, this time. We sha'n't really run against any blackfellows. They're shy of such a party as this is. They've cleared out. We've got to git that fellow's nuggets, though,—cost what it may!"

They decided to hunt on foot, in couples, and not to get so far apart from one another that one couple could not hear a signal-call from the next.

"We'll find him, sure," said Jim. "He's built himself a cabin of some sort to live in, somewhere round here. I reckon it was a pretty safe place, too, till we tracked him."

They set out upon their thieving scout at just about the time when Beard halted and said to Ned and Hugh:

"Here we are, boys!"

They had traveled several miles, and the morning was well advanced.

"Now we will hide the saddles and bridles," he added; "and we can put the horses where we can find them again. I'll show you how to do that."

Ned and Hugh hated the thought of giving up their horses, but their estimate of the danger they were in had been growing all the way, and they dismounted. The saddles and bridles were easily disposed of by hanging them upon a scrubby sapling among some rocks tangled over with vines and bushes. The horses were led across a flat, bare ledge, on which their hoofs made no mark, to a wide, grassy open, where they were picketed by Beard, to feed until they should be wanted.

"Now, my friends," said he, "come right along. I am going to show you a secret that you must keep."

"I wish somebody would show us our camp. Oh, for a sight of father and mother and Helen!" said Hugh.

"I think I can find that easily," said Beard, "as soon as the woods are clear. Your mother would wish you to come in alive, though. I can tell you that."

It was a serious warning, and yet the great shadowy forest around them looked peaceful enough, in spite of all its wolves, four-footed or two-footed, white or black.

There was one part of that forest where, at this time, a great deal was occurring within a small space. The great towering trees—palms, and gum-trees, and other kinds—were so scattered as to make it appear almost open and sunny. It was very beautiful, but it was a deceitful beauty that concealed many dangers. Here and there were lines and clumps of bushes and undergrowth, that divided the open forest spaces into glades and lanes and green vistas which branched into and away from one another.

Along one of these green vistas rode a man with head bent forward, as if he were absorbed in deep thought. It was Sir Frederick.

"Lost!" he exclaimed at last. "To think of Ned and Hugh lost in the bush!—to die there of hunger and thirst, or to be killed by black cannibals! It is horrible!"

Then he raised his head and looked around him for a moment.

"Maude!" he called. "Come this way! You should not wander so far, my dear. Helen!"

No answer came, and again he called; and then his face grew suddenly pale.

"Where are they?" he exclaimed. "In which direction have I been riding? Where is my wife! Helen! Are they lost? Am I lost?" and putting his hand to his mouth, he gave a long, half-tremulous, and alarmed "Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e!" He ceased, and once more his head bent forward, almost down to his horse's mane.

Sounds do not travel far among tree-trunks, bushes, undergrowth, and broken ridges of rough ground. It was not far to where a lady on a bay horse was leaning over, at that very moment, to free the skirt of her flowing riding-habit from a branch of thorn.

As she once more sat erect, she glanced around her.

"Frederick!" she exclaimed; and after another moment of silence she added, in tones of increasing excitement, "Where is he? He was in sight only a minute or so ago. Fred! Am I lost—lost in the bush? Frederick!"

Full, loud, frantically clear was that last cry for help; but Lady Maude Parry was mistaken. It had been fully five minutes since she had seen her husband or niece, and they had been galloping in different directions among those deceptive forest avenues.

At the end of one of these, at the base of a rugged ledge of rocks, a fair-haired girl reined in a graceful, spirited white pony.

"Uncle Fred and Aunt Maude will catch up with me in a moment," she said. "We can't hunt for Ned and Hugh any farther in this direction. And yet it would be terrible to go back to camp without them."

She wheeled her pony as she spoke, and he made only a few bounds forward before he was again reined in, and Helen looked rapidly around her.

"They're all the same," she said uneasily. "One glade is just like another. Which of them did I come by? I'll wait for the others here a minute or so. If I should ride around I might lose myself. They'll come."

She waited, while her pretty face put on an anxious expression. shouting to each other and to the dogs; and in a moment more the camp was left in charge

"Aunt Maude! Uncle Fred!" she shouted, of some spare horses and six mules, while its

half weeping.

"Why don't you come? It all looks alike. I don't know which way to turn!"

She did not dream that almost at that same moment her uncle was leaning very despairingly over his horse, nor that her aunt had lost her way in the maze of trees; but Helen's face put on an ashy paleness as she turned it upward. Her lips were moving, too, but there was no sound to be heard, and all around her was the awful silence of the endless Australian forest.

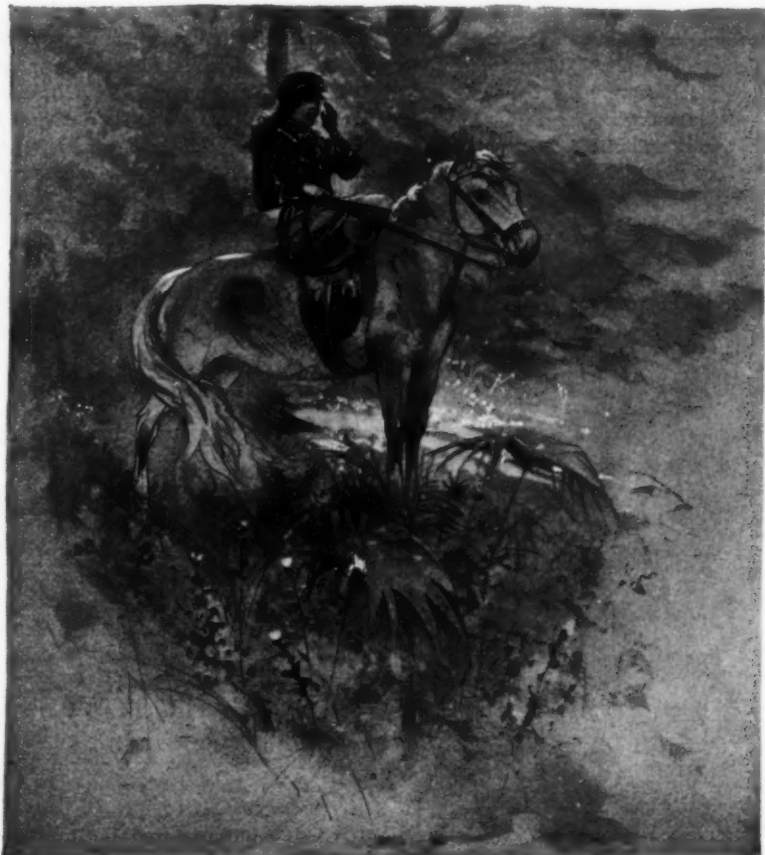
Thus they remained for a while, so very near to each other and yet so separated, each afraid to move for fear of going farther away, and each growing sick at heart as the sense of helpless loneliness crept over them.

In another direction, less than two miles distant, a man rode excitedly into an open place, a camp by a little river, shouting:

"Boys, mount again! I've lost track of them! Sir Frederick and Lady Parry and Miss Helen! They're out in the bush!"

Three other men sprang into their saddles,

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"HELEN, TOO, ATTEMPTED, TIME AFTER TIME, TO SHOUT 'COO-EE-E.'"

keepers dashed away into the woods. Not one of them, however, went in the right direction to find any of the missing persons.

Sir Frederick Parry was a man of firm nerves. He was a cool man and brave, and now he reined in his horse, and reasoned calmly:

"I can't sit still here," he said. "I will try to go back along my own tracks. There, I can see the hoof-marks, if I ride slowly. The worst of it is that a blackfellow may see them better than I can! I *must* find them!"

His wife also was riding onward, but she was

not looking for any trail. She was trying to guess her way, and every now and then she sent out a plaintive "Coo-ee-e!"

Again,—again,—again,—and each time she paused and listened, painfully; but no answer came back to her from the leafy silence. Lady Maude burst into a fit of weeping that made her tremble from head to foot.

Helen was only so far away that she could not hear, and she, too, attempted, time after time, to shout "Coo-ee-e"; but it seemed to her as if her husky, frightened voice could hardly

have startled a bird that she saw rise from a wide-branching tree beyond her.

"No one could hear it," she said to herself. "Even if there were blackfellows in the woods, they could not hear such a weak little call. They would not know I am here. How horrible it would be to see one of them!"

She seemed to find relief also in urging her pretty pony to a brisk gallop that carried her farther yet from the friends who were looking for her, and for whom she was so earnestly searching.

(To be continued.)



So you're the latest victim—no,
I beg to make polite correction—
You're Dot's *new* doll, of course, and so
You have a beautiful complexion.

It's very easy, Miss, to praise
Those blushing cheeks, for one supposes
You've not been placed before a blaze
That mixed your lilies with your roses.

You've not been toasted for an hour,
To teach you beauty's a delusion;

The Old Doll to the New One.

BY FELIX LEIGH.

You've yet to learn that fire has power
To leave one's features in confusion.

Your form's as trim as trim can be;
Your share of sawdust's not denied you;
No one's unpicked *your* seams to see
Just what it was you had inside you.

You've *all* your hair on, light as tow;
You've *both* your eyes, of blue most tender;
You've not been scalped, and well I know
You've not been dropped upon the fender.

Your squeak's not broken, I'll be bound;
You're not condemned your woes to mutter.
When you are banged about, a sound
Of protest you can shrilly utter.

But wait a little while, my dear;
You'll not escape the fate of others.
Stoop! let me whisper in your ear—
Dot, you must know, has two small brothers!

My Aunt Aurora's Reticule.

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE.



"THEE 's laughing at my reticule," said Grandma, spreading it out on her lap as she lifted the wide bag from the cedar chest and tenderly stroked its faded green satin. "Dear, dear! — how well I remember putting in that bead-work! 'T was for my aunt Aurora that I made it. 'T was only as a task that I did stitching; for, being a Friend, I held not to gewgaws. Nay, old bag, thee was bonny when thee was new! See, it is an ample bag. We held to plenty of space in those days. And never, while memory serves, shall I forget the reticule's first journey. 'T was not to a Philadelphia assembly, with my aunt Aurora's purple square-toed slippers and gorgeous dancing-fan stowed away in it,—though I dare say it traveled that way often enough,—but 't was a gruesome journey, the like to make thine ears to tingle. Come, I must tell thee of it."

My uncle Jacob was of the world's people, but my aunt Hannah—that was my father's sister—was a strict Friend. My uncle Jacob was an iron-master, and 't was a grievous wrong to our people, and especially to my aunt Hannah, that he had made gun-castings for a man-o'-war lying in Delaware Bay, and had taken moneys for them. So he carried his young sister Aurora with him when he journeyed to Red Bank to receive the moneys of certain merchants there. 'T was a chance for her to get at Red Bank some bonnets and fripperies in the New York modes, she not being content with the Friends' garb save when she was on horseback

traveling. Then she wore it, and bonny she looked in it.

'T was on their journey homeward that they turned in their nags at our cedars, one night at twilight, while I stood in my garden watching my primroses open.

"Thee 's welcome, Aunt Aurora," I cried, well pleased to catch sight of her sweet, rosy face and sparkling brown eyes. Father hastened out to lift her from her saddle, and then he and Uncle Jacob exchanged soberest greetings.

I hastened to draw my aunt into the house, and take off her cloak and bonnet. "'T is a twelvemonth since I have seen thee!" I cried. "Thee 's good to look at, Aunt Aurora; and yea, what does thee think! I have finished the reticule!"

"Has thee finished it?" laughed my aunt. "Indeed! Why, thee 's a marvelous industrious child! Thee 's been at this only two years."

"Yea," I answered shamefacedly; "but thee knows beads are troublous things to chain. I got them into a sore pucker, often and often."

"'T is a bit of folly," quoth my father, eying it humorously.

"'T is a beauty," said Aunt Aurora. "Marry, but I think 't will e'en carry my best new bonnet."

"Of course thee will stay the night at our house, Jacob?" said my father.

"Nay," replied Uncle Jacob, "I have a sum of money to place in a man's hands at ten o' the morning to-morrow. The business is urgent,—'t is a crisis of the man's affairs,—and I must not lag. We but stopped to try your tea-cakes and beg that you lend us Hannah. She can safely ride behind me, and Aurora wants her."

The thought of a visit to my uncle's great house set my heart a-dancing.

"Indeed I must have my promised fortnight's visit from Hannah," urged my aunt, "now that she can travel secure in our company."

"Nay," said my father, "not so secure. Jacob, thee knows the risk thee runs traveling the pine-woods at night. Stay till morning."

"As safe by night as day in those long, lonely stretches," returned my uncle. "And my business must be carried."

"My! thee 's a rash man," cried my father; "for not only does thee cast the implements of war instead of the pruning-hooks of peace, but thee ventures into the pine-woods thickly bestead with highway robbers, when thee has moneys of great value upon thee."

"Tush, Brother! I can shoot and ride; and Aurora's shot is as true as mine."

"But the highwayman shoots from covert. Leave the women, and I will lead them over to-morrow myself."

"Nay," said my aunt Aurora, firmly, to this. "Brother rides not alone to-night. But say, Hannah, is thee frightened to go?"

"Does thee want to go?" asked my father.

"Oh, I do most truly!" I said, a great longing seizing me.

"See," said my uncle. He showed us the broad seam in the lining of his loose great-coat. Inside it lay a deep silk pouch, and flat within that a chamois pouch containing the money. "If we are waylaid, there 's a bag o' silver bits in the saddle-bags which I will fling them, and then whip and spur will carry us beyond their reach."

"So thee says," said my father. "Hannah, thee must decide. Will thee go?"

I glanced from Aunt Aurora to the moon turning from silver to gold in the pale evening sky and sheening the pine-woods. Then I looked at our cozy supper-table, where I was mistress, and thought on the home safety.

"Gyp has seven young puppies," said my aunt Aurora, alluringly.

"Oh, if thee pleases, Father, I would e'en like to go!" I decided, forgetting highwaymen as I thought of the kennels.

After supper I ran about, getting ready. "If thee takes me, Aunt Aurora, thee must take Boskie," I cried, stooping to lift him from his basket and smoothing his silky locks. Boskie

was my little Skye terrier, my only playmate and friend. "I cannot leave Boskie," I said.

"And what with saddle-bag and handbox, pray, where shall Boskie be stowed?" laughed my aunt. "I think he must e'en ride in the bottom of my new silk reticule. There he can cuddle as snug as a bee in thistledown. What?—has thee a blanket for Boskie? And a pocket in it for his collar? Thee 's a little old maid! But come, my girlye; we must hurry to saddles, while the moon is high. We shall need its light in the pine-woods."

'T was a calm night of midsummer. The moonlight silvered everything. Far to eastward through the silence came the sound of the sea. My father most reluctantly bade farewell to his little housekeeper, and we rode sedately away. The night air in the village was sweet with dewy odors of rose, and honeysuckle, and faint musk, which gave place to heavy warm pine scents as we entered the silver dusk of the woods. I leaned against my uncle's broad back, and occasionally chirruped to Boskie, who lay snuggled in the bottom of my aunt Aurora's reticule, which had one string unloosed and dangling down, so that he might get the air. And so we rode for hours. Then my aunt's horse lagged behind a little.

"Brother," she said, with an odd little tremble in her voice. "Shall we return to Anthony's? 'Star' has a stone in one hoof. She limps now."

"Aurora!" he exclaimed in dismay. Then: "Ah, well, perhaps we shall ride through scot-free, in spite of all our terrors. Nay, we must ride on. There be strange doings in these woods," he continued musingly. "I am little minded to lose treasure to these Jersey highwaymen; but duty is duty, and risk is risk. At most they will only rob us."

"And then what will your creditor do?"

"I will sell mine own land to make restitution," he answered.

Boskie whined softly in his bag. He was lying against the pommel of my aunt's saddle for a rest.

"Give him to me," I cried, reaching my hands over for him; but even my fingers stroking his head would not soothe him. "He is too warm in his blanket," I said. "Nay, Bos-

kie, what ails thee? What does thee hear?" I questioned, as he continued his whining.

At this my uncle sprang down and halted both horses. The silence was oppressive; not a sound broke across the night song of insects. He left us, with his pistols in his hands, to reconnoiter a few

yards ahead.

I was unbuckling Boskie's blanket. My

aunt Aurora leaned over to me and said,

"Do not take it off, dear.

Thee 's deft-handed, Han-

nah. See, brother has left

his coat lying on the horse.

Slip the money into the pocket

of the blanket, and strap it

close. Haste, my sweeting!

They will not seek for mo-

neys in such a place. For

we shall surely be searched,"

she added with a sigh. My

hand shook, but I did her

bidding swiftly; and while

I did so big hot tears fell

upon Boskie's coat, and I yearned unspeakably for my little white bed at home.

My uncle examined Star's foot, and remounted. "Ride most cautiously," he said.

His tone seemed to seal our doom, so sad was it. My frightened heart went pit-a-pat, and every tree-trunk loomed ghostly and grim.

But truly they were upon us before we

thought. My uncle's horse whinnied and shied, and I, clinging to him in sheer terror, saw standing about us the threatening figures of the highwaymen.

Sooth, they were a bold, perilous gang to meet with in such a place.



"LET ME PASS!" CRIED MY UNCLE, POINTING HIS PISTOLS."

"Let me pass! This is the king's highway," cried my uncle, stoutly braving them, and pointing his pistols.

"What 's your business?" asked the chief robber, who stood coolly facing them.

"That 's as little to you as I would yours were to me," answered my uncle. "You see me here protecting my two women. And I

will even do just that," he added. "Stand off and let us go."

"Can this be Jacob Foulke?" was asked.

"Jacob Foulke was to ride alone," said a voice. "We'll lose him a-loitering here."

A low sob broke from me as I shrank behind my uncle. I thought of a surety my hour was come, and the idea was sore and new to me, being so softly bred. There was a burring sound of private talk about us.

"We must have your pelf and your ladies' jewels," said the robbers; "and then ride as you will. Will ye give up, or be searched?"

"You're a rascally scoundrel," cried my uncle, angrily. He clicked his pistol, and moved his spurred boot restlessly across the horse's ribs. "Alas, Star hath no gait!" he muttered, looking to where my aunt sat motionless. She saw that we were surrounded by gleaming pistol-mouths.

"Let them search us," she decided, laying a calming hand on my angry uncle.

Stout hands and a many of them led us helter-skelter through brake and bramble to an open place where gleamed a great fire of pitchy logs burning in the soft darkness; for the moon was setting. We were fain to dismount, and 't was with great disgust and disappointment that one robber called out, "These women be Quakers!"

"But what hath the little maid hugged tight there in the silk bag?" cried another.

"So please you, sir, it is only my little dog, my little pet dog!" I pleaded, holding to him, and forgetting in the danger which threatened him the greater danger to my uncle's money. The man grasped him roughly by the skin, but Boskie did not bark, only cried most piteously. Then they flung him aside and turned the reticule inside out. They slit the fine stitched lining. See, here be the mended places. And then they fell to, on saddle-bags and band-boxes. There was a reckless turning out o' gear such as made my aunt Aurora wince, especially as she had with her the new bonnets, in the latest New York mode of fashion, fresh brought over by ship from London.

My uncle blanched and struggled when they pulled off his coat to search it. I can e'en see his white face yet, and the look in his eyes,

when Aunt Aurora called to him in a ringing tone, "Brother, you must throw your coat into the fire!" And seeing him unwilling, what did my intrepid aunt, but dart under the ruffians' arms,—they grasping the coat loosely, for their great surety of it,—and seizing the garment she flung it into the very heart of the blazing fire, where no one durst touch it. It burned bravely.

In the hubbub of rage which followed, she stood silent and unwavering, while my uncle said sadly, "Aurora, that was rash. I might have compromised." They took the new silver tea-pot bought for Aunt Hannah, and the bag o' silver bits.

"Mayhap th' maids ha' siller in their shoon," bawled a thick voice.

My aunt Aurora dropped instantly to the turf, and pulling off her shoes flung them at him. They tore off the good silver buckles. Mine, too, they demanded; and I yielded them up reluctantly, being fond of what small toggerly I possessed. But I managed to catch up Boskie, and smuggle him into the reticule again.

At last one of the robbers called out: "Lads, let be! We ha' what plunder these Quaker folk ha' not burned up for us; they be a queer kind o' Quakers, too, that spend their fairin' in bonnet gear! But clear the way o' them. We ha' other work to-night."

Then they let us go, and scarcely could I breathe for the anxious throbbing of my heart as I felt my uncle's strong arm lift me to the saddle-seat, with Boskie in the reticule, and the money safe!

My uncle spake not a word, but with a birchen withe (for the robbers had filched his riding-whip) he urged the horses forward as well as he could, considering Star's lame foot. He glanced ever behind him, knowing too well that he was Jacob Foulke, and fearing pursuit, while my aunt Aurora's gaze strained to eastward, praying for the dawn.

Never was its rosy flush sweeter than when it crept at last over the eastern sea. 'T was only then that we felt safe, and turning aside into the hamlet of Squan we sought its tavern. The inn was closely shuttered, and the inmates were wrapped in sleep. Stiff and aching, my aunt Aurora and I were lifted down to the

square red bricks of the porch, while a sleepy hostler came blinking to take the horses.

I was faint and giddy as I leaned against a pillar, while my uncle began bitterly to bemoan his short-sightedness in taking the journey. "I have even lost all my moneys, and brought thee through a dreadful night!" he exclaimed.

A smile broke over my aunt Aurora's face. She had taken a seat on a settle near the fire, where she sat thrusting her tumbled curls under her bonnet.

"Truly, thee might have fared sorely had thee left us behind, brother; for then surely they had known thee to be the Jacob Foulke whom they expected. And thee has naught to be angry for that I flung that coat on the fire. 'T was but the price of a coat. Thee looks surprised. And did thee truly think the money was burned? Nay, nay! Hannah, give me Boskie. See, brother, how useful a little

dog may be! A little dog in a reticule!" and, laughing, she handed him the money.

The landlord, with candle and night-cap, came stumbling out to see who claimed his hospitality thus early.

"What! thou?" he cried, recognizing my uncle with astonishment. "So thou and thy women ha' rid safe through the robbers' wood, and at night! What mercy saved ye?"

"Partly," said my uncle gravely, "this little dog, that traveled in a green silk reticule; and by your leave he 'll take a sup o' milk and the best pickings of a bone."

And so the debt-money was saved and paid, and later on I was more than happy with Gyp's seven puppies cuddled in my lap. Boskie had the bonniest collar that could be found in all the city of New York.—But oh, he died long, long years since, my dear little Boskie; and this is all I have left of that gone time,—this queer, faded old silk reticule.



A QUEER PLANT —



OF THE CAT-TAIL VARIETY.



"THE ARCH OF LILIES."

A TOURNAMENT OF ROSES.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

"WHY, it is raining roses!"

So exclaimed a little girl from the East, who stood lost in amazement on one of the embowered avenues of the town of Pasadena, in Southern California.

A few days before she had been blockaded in a snow-storm in New Mexico, and now, with many more children, she looked up and down the avenue that was white with roses, callas, and other flowers. The air itself was filled with roses and rose-buds, thrown aloft by little hands, and falling to strew the pathway of the President. The sides of the street were lined with children, each child bearing baskets or bouquets of flowers from their gardens, or from the flowery fields which stretch away from the crown of the San Gabriel Valley.

Such a scene was hardly suggestive of war, yet part of this floral exhibition was called a "Battle of Roses." The first gun was fired when up the avenue came a huge old-fashioned coach—the kind used in California in the days of real stage-coaching, and a giant among vehicles.

From top to bottom the entire coach was bedecked with flowers, and filled the air with fragrance that vied with the odor of the orange-blossoms from the groves on every side.* The spokes of the wheels were covered with callalilies. One little boy gave twelve hundred of these beautiful lilies to be used in various decorations. The interior of the coach was lined with the broad leaves of the fan-palm, the back was a solid mass of daisies, and the chains sup-

* The first three illustrations for this article are drawn from photographs by C. J. Crandall and L. E. Jarvis, Pasadena, Cal.

porting the platform for baggage were wound about with cypress and pinks. The railing on top was almost hidden by choice roses of every hue, while the "boot" and other portions of the old coach were also lavishly decorated. From the windows peeped young and happy faces, the soldiers of this chariot of war, while on the top sat several young ladies and gentlemen. The driver held the reins of four spirited horses, all wearing belts of jingling sleigh-bells, and beautifully caparisoned with garlands and bouquets.

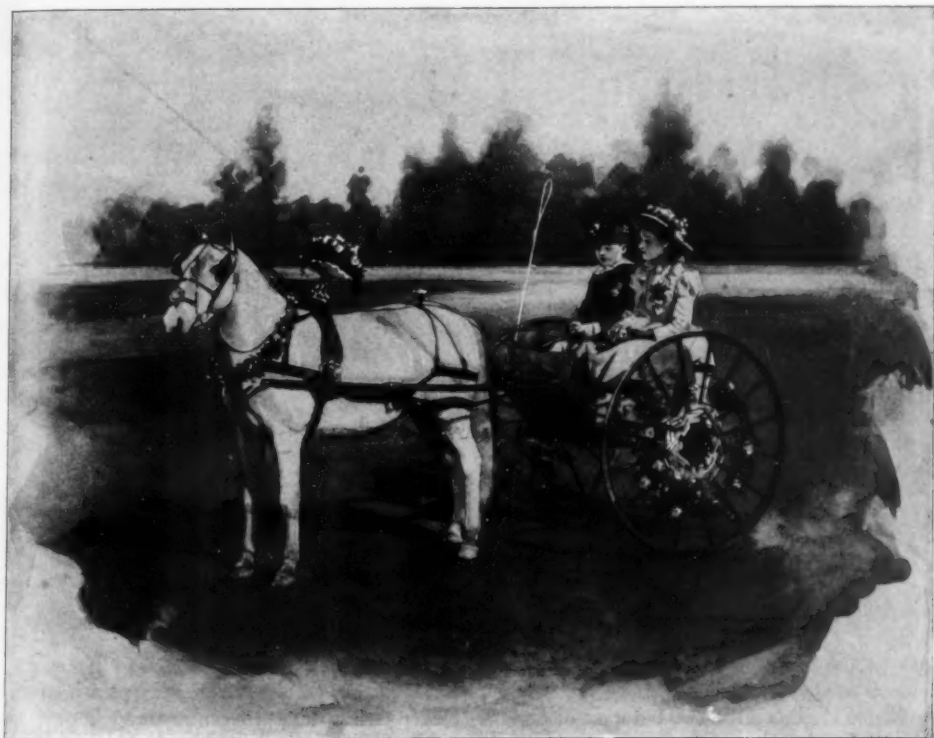
At the word the horses sprang forward, and

set—all these varieties were there, and a host of other choice roses.

As the four-in-hand dashed up the avenue, it drew the fire of the hundreds of children standing in line, and volleys were given and returned until the air was filled with roses.

The first obstruction was a gate built across the street. It was some twelve feet high, a solid mass of calla-lilies, and opened by two little maidens only upon the payment of a floral toll. No sooner was the toll settled than away sprang the horses, to be again pelted with blossoms.

And so the old coach went on its way until



ONE OF THE CHILDREN'S TURNOUTS.

the new War of the Roses began. The bugler on the coach sounded the alarm, and the soldiers within and on top of the coach made ready their weapons—great baskets of roses. What a wealth of shot and shell! *Maréchal Niel*, *Gold of Ophir*, *Jacqueminot*, *Black Prince*, *La France*, *Duchesse de Brabant*, *Bride*, *Sun-*

it joined the procession of the President,—delighting the children, big and little, and continuing the floral campaign.

After such an exhibition Southern California might well claim to be the Land of Flowers, as during all the months that are winter months in the East, nearly as brilliant a display can be

made. The "Tournament of Roses" is given every year; it might be called a floral thanksgiving, as the idea which suggested the festival was the coming of the winter flowers and the ripening of the oranges. It is essentially a children's day; and the young folks are encouraged to take part in it. For weeks beforehand the tournament is talked of, and the fortunate

of Ceremonies. The band plays gaily, and they wend their way to the park, where the tournament is to be held. The grand stand is already packed with men, women, and children, and in front is a heaping pile of oranges and flowers, free to all. Finally the Master of Ceremonies rings a bell, the young folks stand back, and the track is cleared. The first event



A TINY TANDEM.

owners of pony-carriages and carts are vying with one another in the elaboration of designs to compete for the prizes offered to the vehicles showing the most beautiful and artistic floral decoration. Prizes are given also for the various races of ponies, horses, and burros,—one prize being for the last burro to arrive in a *slow* race.

Finally the day—the first of the new year—arrives. Early in the morning the procession forms. The boys and girls on horseback, their steeds garlanded with flowers, join the Master

is a revival of an old Italian and Spanish sport, played in the fifteenth century, and known as "tilting at the rings." Rings a little larger than a napkin-ring are suspended at intervals over the course, and the "knights" charge upon them at full speed, endeavoring to carry off as many rings on their long lances as they can. The one taking the greatest number is declared the victor. Shouts and cheers greet the knights, some of whom often are descendants of the oldest Spanish families in the State.

Next comes the hurdle-race, or fence-jumping, by fine California thoroughbreds. "Can it be, as I have heard, that a calla-lily hurdle is used?" we have heard asked. Quite possible, for the men now drag across the track a veritable hedge of the white flowers—to Eastern eyes the most remarkable hurdle a horse ever jumped. The bell rings, and away go the racers. They clear the hurdle in graceful leaps, and sweep past the grand stand with a clatter of hoofs and a jangle of silver trappings from the old Mexican saddles, spurs, and bits.

The third event is a race in which the young folks are particularly interested. Two fine greyhounds—"Mouse," whose picture has been shown you in *St. Nicholas*,* and her grandson, "Junior"—have challenged the fastest race-horse in Pasadena. Mouse is bedecked with a huge collar of red geraniums (the "colors" of the club to which she belongs), and looks up, blinking and winking very hard, as much as to say, "I have run away from this horse on many a hunt, and I don't propose to be defeated before all these people."

All is ready. The track on both sides is crowded with eager faces. "Go!" shouts the starter. Around comes the race-horse, "Daisy," and as she crosses the line with hardly a glance at her old companions, Mouse and Junior are slipped, and they dash away amid a chorus of cheers and shouts. The horse skims along like a bird, but close beside her are the two dogs, moving like machines. Around the course they go, Junior ahead, barking and thinking it great sport, while old Mouse hangs at the quarter, looking up every few moments to see why Daisy does not go faster. Louder grow the shouts as the competitors pass around

the great circle. Boys and girls crowd upon the track, and the cry goes up that the dogs are ahead. A moment later, horse and dogs come rushing across the line, the latter well in advance. As every one knows that the fastest horse cannot run away from a greyhound, the defeat of Daisy is considered no disgrace.

Whether Mouse will take part in another tournament is a question, since she now has "a family of young Mice," as a little neighbor calls the tan-and-mouse-colored puppies, which promise to run in some of the tournaments of the future, no doubt greatly to the credit of their mother.

While the dogs are being congratulated and



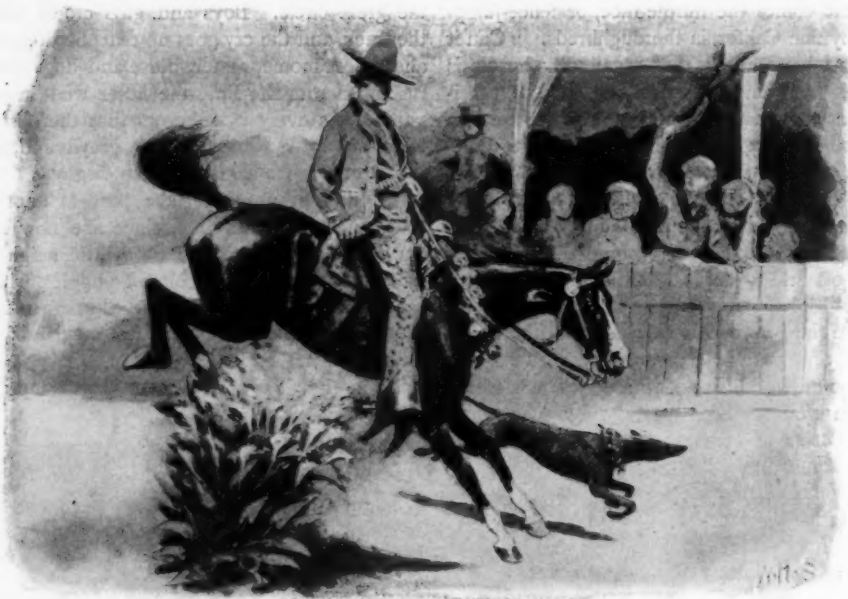
RIDING AT THE RINGS WITH THE LANCE.

the kennel of fox-hounds beneath the grand stand is howling and baying a welcome, the open space within the track is cleared for the polo-teams, and for an hour they give an exciting exhibition of their manly sport.

Then comes the "slow race" between a score or more burros, all of pensive mien, all mounted by their young owners. Each little rider is determined to be the last in, and so win the prize.

"Go!" shouts the starter. Clang! rings the bell, up rise many pairs of long ears, and the cavalcade is off amid loud shouts of laughter. One shaggy old burro develops remarkable slowness from the very start. His little hoofs

* See *St. Nicholas* for November, 1889.



THE HURDLE RACE BETWEEN HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

are lifted deliberately, and placed upon the ground with a leisure that marks the little fellow as the winner of the prize; and so it proves, for not until all the others are in does this very sedate racer reach the winning-post.

While the burros have been contending for the last place, the targets of another ancient sport—one that was played in London during the time of Henry III., and by the Spanish and Italians years before—have been placed in position.

The game was called "Quintain" in olden days, and pictures of it are found in many faded manuscripts. In Pasadena it was played on horseback,—the "knights" (among them "Don Arturo Bandini") riding past the target at full speed, and hurling their javelins. Their skill in horsemanship and in directing the darts presented a most interesting spectacle.

It would be impossible to describe here all the events of this Tournament of Roses.



HORSEMAN HURLING THE JAVELIN.

There were races for farmer boys upon ranch horses, races by little girls on flower-decorated ponies. There was the tug of war between rival teams from neighboring towns; a game for the boys, in which long lines of oranges formed a feature; and a revival of many old sports,—a program that gratified not only the thousands of American spectators, but also the Spanish and Mexican residents of the surrounding country.

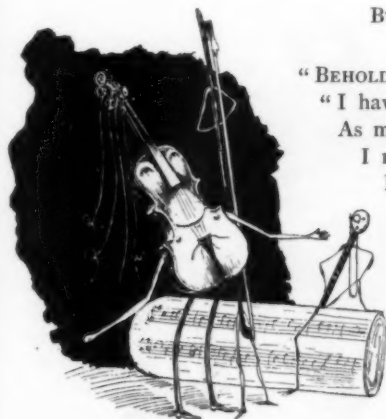
There was an exhibition of diminutive tandems, with equally small dog-carts in which sat children surrounded by flowers. Some of the carriages bore fanciful flower designs. One was

hung with bells of a big white flower, and upon the back were the initials of the words "Tournament of Roses," in different colored roses. Other carriages were trimmed with the abundant California holly-berries, or the fern-like pepper-tree and its bunches of bright red berries, while others were ornamented with the golden wild-poppy, the State flower.

The day, though in the middle of the "winter months," is here warm and beautiful. Snow there is, but it remains high on the distant mountains, like a restless giant, eager but afraid to pounce down upon the orange-groves and flower-fields of the summer-land below.

THE VERSATILE VIOLIN.

BY TUDOR JENKS.



"BEHOLD me!" cried the Violin;
 "I have such harmonies within
 As make the eye of beauty dim.
 I make men smile, I bid them weep,
 I rouse their pride, or lull to sleep
 The children with a twilight hymn.
 From bird-song sweet to thunder-
 roll
 I voice the universal soul.
 Let but a master sweep the
 strings—
 I wake to all celestial
 things!"

"'T is true," remarked the Piccolo,
 "Your scope is very wide, I know.
 But when your owner's little boy
 Decides to take you for his toy,
 You glide from weird, heart-rending shriek
 To every form of ghastly squeak,—
 The saw-file note, the porker's squeal,
 The agony of ungreased wheel,
 The grit of pencil upon slate,—
 Indeed, your repertory 's great!"



BRUIN AND THE PORCUPINE.

By E. W. KEMBLE.



BRUIN: "Nothing like this for solid enjoyment. Your favorite book, and fling yourself down upon one of these gentle little grassy mounds. How few can rise to the beauty of such a scene—!"



THE "GRASSY MOUND": "But you can!"

THE THREE CARAVELS OF COLUMBUS.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

IN the days of Columbus vessels were generally called "caravels," and if of considerable size for those times they were called by the Spaniards *naos*.

When Queen Isabella determined to help Columbus to make his voyage, a royal order was sent to the city of Palos to fit out three caravels and to place them at the royal disposal. The city made a pretense of complying, but it was so well known that the ships were for Columbus's hazardous venture into the terrible western ocean that neither money nor force could get them equipped and manned. Over and over again the people were assembled in the public square and the order read with great pomp, but all in vain. Columbus, in his despair, begged that the prisons be opened and the convicts allowed to go with him. Finally, a ship-owner of Palos, Martin Alonso Pinzon, was induced, by an offer of a large share of the rewards in case of discoveries, to make an active effort to fit out the expedition. He was a popular sea-captain and a vigorous man of business, and it was entirely due to him that Columbus was able to set sail from Palos on his ever-memorable voyage. Pinzon condemned two of the caravels given by the town, and substituted two stanch vessels of his own. One was a decked vessel of three hundred tons, large enough to be called a *nao*, and the other was a little thing with lateen sails, which was chosen on account of her light draught, in case rivers had to be ascended in the country they expected to discover. The *nao* was at first named the "Gallega," but they renamed her the "Santa Maria." Columbus took her for his flag-ship, for he held an admiral's commission from Ferdinand and Isabella. The little lateen-rigged caravel was called the "Niña." Of the three caravels offered by the town of Palos, the only one which Pinzon considered seaworthy enough to accept was the "Pinta,"

a boat about half as large as the Santa Maria, and rigged like her. His shrewdness in rejecting the others was fully proved before the expedition reached the Canaries; for it was discovered that the Pinta had been tampered with, and had been purposely weakened. A long delay in the islands was necessary to repair her.

Such were the vessels in which Columbus discovered America: one as large as a small schooner, and the other two about the size of lighters. Had he suspected the length of his journey, or known of the terrible storms which can rage in the Atlantic Ocean, he never would have dared to venture out in craft so frail. They were so badly rigged that it was only before a favorable wind that they could sail at all; but the time had come for the Old World to discover the existence of the New, and an all-wise Providence guided Columbus in every way for the best both going and coming. He embarked in August, at a season when fair winds blow steadily from Spain to the Canaries. From there the regular northeast trades blew him straight to his destination, and he reached San Salvador in October, after the disastrous West Indian cyclones were over. He started back in January, and, being unable to sail against the trades, was forced to the northward until caught in the westerly winds and gales of the winter season in the North Atlantic, and these drove him homeward to the Azores and to Lisbon. He made this return trip in the little Niña, which had been square-rigged at the Canaries on the outward voyage. His flag-ship, the Santa Maria, had been wrecked by striking a reef on the coast of Hayti. The Pinta, with Pinzon, got back to Spain some time after Columbus's arrival in Lisbon; for the two caravels had been separated in a gale before reaching the Azores.

At the World's Fair will be three caravels

exactly like the three of Columbus's expedition,—the same size, the same rig, the same gear and guns and finishings; painted the same colors and flying the same flags. So if you go there, you can judge for yourselves what a foolhardy and marvelous thing it seemed to sail thousands of miles away into that unknown ocean in such little, clumsy vessels.

The new Santa Maria, and the Pinta and Niña, have been built in Spain for the Fair. The Santa Maria was built in Cadiz by the Spanish government, and is now manned by Spanish naval officers and sailors. They are going to sail her over

Pinta and Niña were built at Barcelona by the Spaniards, but the United States paid for them, and when they were finished they were



THE CARAVEL PINTA.



THE CARAVEL NIÑA.

almost the same route which Columbus sailed, until they reach Havana, but a Spanish gun-boat will go along to look out for her. The

The Pinta and Niña will be towed across by the United States steamer Bennington, going over the route of Columbus's voyage. At

put in commission as United States men-of-war, and each was manned by two naval officers and eight sailors from the United States steamer "Bennington." The Bennington towed them to Huelva. Then, during the celebration of the landing of Columbus in America on the 12th of October (which the Queen Regent of Spain and the little boy-king attended), all three of the caravels were anchored near the convent of La Rabida, just where their originals had ridden at anchor on the morning Columbus went on board to sail away on his voyage of discovery. After the celebration they were all three taken to Cadiz, to await a favorable month for going across the Atlantic.

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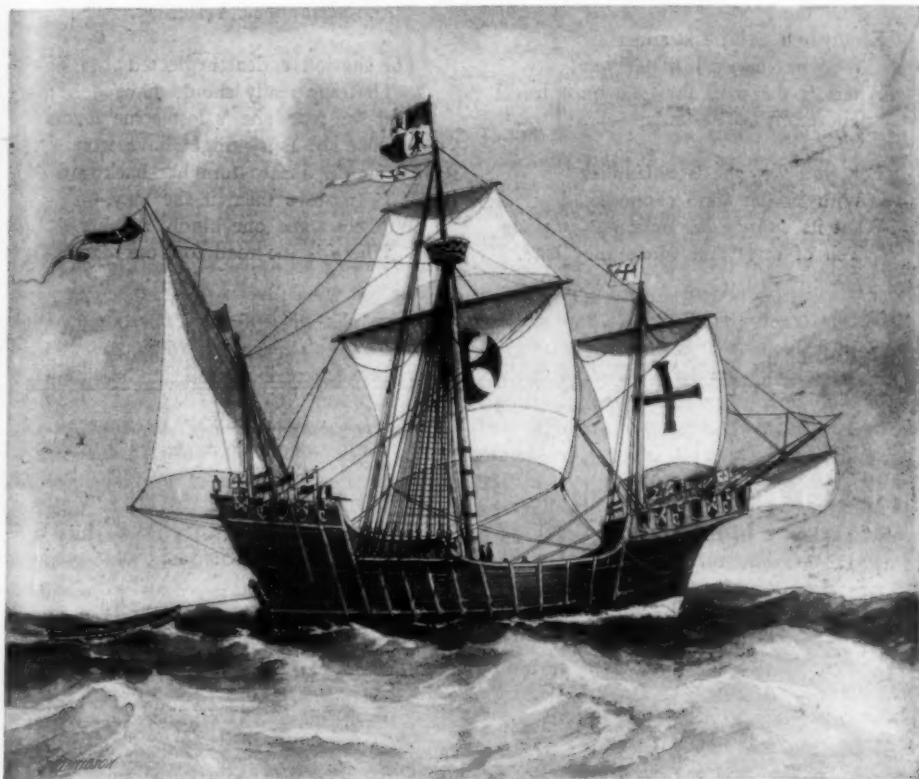
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Havana both will be presented to the Spanish Government. Then, in charge of the Spaniards, all three will be taken from Havana to the St. Lawrence River, up the St. Lawrence, and through the canals to the World's Fair at Chicago.

The pictures shown are drawn from photographs of these three new caravels; so that even

is Columbus's own flag, bearing a large green cross. On the sails of the Santa Maria and Pinta are painted big red crosses, and the stripes around all the vessels are bright reds, whites, and blues. The hulls in general are simply covered with tar, giving them a rich mahogany color.

Do not fail to see these strange ships if you



THE SANTA MARIA—THE FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS'S FLEET.

if Columbus could have photographed his own ships, you could hardly have had truer pictures of them. On the Santa Maria are the flags and banners of Columbus's time. At the mainmast-head is the royal standard, with the quartered arms of Castile and Leon. At the fore

go to the Fair, for you will never get a true idea of the courage and daring of Columbus or of the almost superhuman greatness of his effort until you see with your own eyes how clumsy and fragile were the ships in which he crossed the stormiest of all oceans.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

WILL some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where 's the road that she must travel
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she 's unfamiliar
With To-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts
Tell of ways and where they lead.

And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Though she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done;
And she fears she 's lost some favors
That she fairly might have won.
So she 'd like to turn her backward
To retrieve them if she may,—
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where 's the road to Yesterday?



LISTENING TO THE "BUGABOO" STORY.

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Kitty's Christmas Stocking.

By Kate V. Thompson.

(A True Story of Christmas in River Street.)

IT will surprise you to hear that Ted was eight years old before he ever hung up his stocking or knew anything about Santa Claus. The reason for this sad state of things was that Ted lived 'way down town in River street. Santa Claus does not go to that part of the city,—that is, he did not go before Ted was eight years old. It happened then that some young college women moved into No. 10, and Ted went to call upon them. Many children called, played games, and read picture-books, and some belonged to "clubs" at this house. They told Ted about it, and he followed as soon as he could walk so far on his crutch.

It was easy now for him to go quite fast, because he had had his crutch a long time; he could hardly remember when he did not need it. The very first thing he did remember was lying in a white bed, not at all like his own bed at home, and soon after he began to use his crutch, and was always left behind by the other children running to fires and to the police-station. After a while he could go faster, but he often lost his breath and had to sit down to rest, so he passed much of his time alone, and did not grow big and strong. In fact, he was the very thinnest and smallest boy of his age on River street, and that is saying a great deal.

The first day that Ted called at the "big house," as the children named it, happened to be the day before Christmas. It was twilight, and two men were carrying in a very tall spruce-tree fixed in a stand. Before the door closed, Ted had slipped in like a cat and stood looking curiously at the greens on the walls, the low table and chairs, and the big boxes in the room

where they set down the tree. What it all meant he did not know at first, but he had seen such trees on the sidewalk in just such boxes, and an idea came to him slowly that they had a festive significance. The room was warm and bright, a large flag hung at one end between the windows, and there were colored prints on the walls. Ted found many things to look at, and, soon becoming tired, sat down on one of the small chairs to enjoy them at leisure. He did not feel like an intruder, because there were many other children looking on, and the lady who was hanging up wreaths and crosses did not notice him. He spoke to her first; his impatience got the better of his shyness, and when she came down from the high ladder he went up to her and said in a piping voice:

"Please, Missis, w'en does this concit begin?"

The lady smiled, but did not reply immediately. She held out her hand in greeting to the new guest, and Ted placed his grimy little left hand in it in a very awkward way, for no one had ever taught him how to shake hands. Then she said she was glad to see him and asked him his name. She told him hers; it was Miss Miles. Ted looked at her sharply, and he decided to tell her.

"Ted McFinley," he said; and then asked again, "W'en does this concit begin?"

"Well, Ted," said Miss Miles, very sociably, "I am sorry if you are disappointed, but we are not going to have a concert here."

"Wot 's them for, then?" asked Ted, pointing to the tree and the greens. "I seen them onct where a concit was, and I stood outside. I 'd come an' stan' here, too, if yer had concits. There 's nice singin' at concits. But if yer don't,—why, wot 's the good of them?"

Miss Miles drew a long breath; she hardly knew where to begin.

"We think the greens look pretty," she said; "and the tree is for Santa Claus. To-morrow is Christmas day, you know."

Ted nodded his head, but there was one obscure point, and he did not mean to let it go.

"Wot 's Sandyclaws?" he asked. He put his difficulty all in one word, but it took a great many to answer it. Fortunately, Miss Miles felt equal to this question, and she told him the dear old story, winding up with the astonishing statement that this wonderful being was coming there that very night for the purpose of filling the stockings of *good* children. Ted had never heard anything like this before, but Miss Miles spoke with such assured faith that he felt it must be true, and he was puzzled as to whether he belonged among the elect. To his great delight her next words decided this question.

"Would you like to hang up *your* stocking, Ted?" she asked, moved by his pitiful ignorance of Christmas pleasures.

"Yes," said Ted, heartily, tugging at the shoe of the well foot, meaning to leave the ragged stocking he had on. Miss Miles gently stopped him; she had a queer sort of smile just then, Ted thought, and she spoke very softly.

"Oh, no," she said; "Santa Claus likes clean stockings, Teddy. Get your mother to wash and mend one for you. Then bring it to me."

She did not give him a new stocking, you see, because the College Settlement in River street is not an almshouse, and does not wish to make paupers of its neighbors. Ted stared at her, but he soon found voice to say:

"I ain't got any mother. Dad and me lives alone. I does the washin', and I kin git yer a clean one, if yer wait till I come back."

He hurried away on his crutch and he hurried back; but by the time he returned the children had all been sent home, and Miss Miles sat alone, dressing a big doll. She heard him coming, and opened the door herself, so Ted had no hesitation about entering quite boldly. Under his jacket was the stocking; he drew it out before he had breath to speak. It was a long, coarse gray stocking recently washed and stiffened in the icy air in which it had been

hung up to dry. It had in the knee a great hole, which had been hastily drawn up by Ted's over-and-over stitches, and in the toe was a smaller one which he had not noticed.

"Will it do?" asked the owner, eagerly. "The other one blowed away. I 'm so sorry, for I wanted to hang it up for Kitty. She 's my sister. She ain't *very* good; but she 's good to me, an' they 've took her to the Juv'nile 'Sylum. She never knowed nothin' about that Sandyclaws, or maybe she 'd been better. Do you think he 'll go 'way up to the 'sylum?"

"Tell me more about Kitty," said Miss Miles, gently; "but first let us go down-stairs and get some tea. I 'm getting hungry — are n't you?"

"Yes," said Ted, "I 'm hungry a good deal. But," he added, as they went down together, "I did n't s'pose you ladies ever was."

"But they often are, Ted; and they get untidy, too, working all day. Would n't it be nice to wash our hands before tea?"

Ted scarcely had time to decide this question, before he found his hands and face undergoing a washing. He submitted with pretty good grace, reflecting that the ceremony might have something to do with conciliating the mysterious Sandyclaws.

"And now, Ted," said his hostess, when she had helped him to the good, plain food before them, "tell me about Kitty, and we 'll see what can be done about a Christmas stocking for her. How old did you say she was?"

"I don't know 'xactly," said Ted; "but she ain't fourteen. I heard the folks say once that she 'd git good, too, up to the 'sylum. But it ain't for good children; and I guess yer can be pretty bad, even if yer ain't fourteen. I think if Kitty got something in a stockin'—I tell yer, I 'll come early to-morrow and take her mine, if yer think Sandyclaws would n't mind. I 'm goin' to see her on Christmas. Dad says so."

"Oh, we 'll do better. I 'll lend you a stocking; and I do believe there 'll be something in it, too," cried Miss Miles, with conviction.

"Do yer really?" asked the child. "But how will he know it 's fer Kitty?"

"We 'll put her name on it, Ted. You yourself shall hang it up, and then you must go home, or what will your father say?"

"Dad? Why, he won't know it. He does n't

come home-nights," said the boy as composedly as if such were the common habit of fathers; "and he 'll be sleepin' when I come here in the mornin'." But I 'll tell him some day, mebbe, if he happens to be feelin' good and speaks kind to me."

No fitting reply came to Miss Miles. She was puzzled, as she had often before been puzzled as to particular applications of the Fifth Commandment down in River street, and she returned to the safer topic of Christmas gifts. She hazarded guesses as to what Santa Claus might have in his pack for boys of—say, nine, and girls of thirteen; and she found Ted firmly convinced that, whatever else might be wanting, there would be "a watch that wound up," and plenty of gay ribbons. The hole in the toe of his stocking disconcerted him somewhat when he discovered it; but he brightened up upon thinking it might be stopped by putting in an apple first. "Or a orange," he suggested happily. "I never had a whole orange, and Kitty would like that best. I hope he 's got oranges. Do you think, now, he 'd jest as lief give Kitty a orange?"

Miss Miles thought so indeed. She treasured his unselfish hints as to what would please his sister; and he preferred to talk of her gifts rather than of his own.

At last the stockings were hung to his entire satisfaction, a paper was pinned on Kitty's, bearing her name, and Ted went home radiant, to dream of a wonderful giant with long, white beard, who brought Kitty back in a sleigh drawn by eight prancing circus ponies.

Now, Santa Claus had already come to River street. He did not come in the usual way, through the chimney. He came through the hearts and hands of some little girls in a school up-town who knew that he thought of going to River street and would need a great many toys. There are more little children in one house in River street than in a block of houses up-town, and it would be out of the question for one Santa Claus to supply all their wants; so these little girls formed a "Santa Claus Society," and as a result two large packing-cases full of books and toys "as good as new" stood in the hall of No. 10, awaiting the arrival of the children's

saint. These Miss Miles and her friends opened as soon as Ted had gone; and such a lot of pretty things came to light! It would take too long to name half of them; and, indeed, it took a very long time to unpack them, because the children themselves had done the packing. Each parcel was wrapped up separately with a great many windings of cord, and upon many of them were directions as to destination. Most of the children had evidently wished that virtue should get its material reward in River street just as in the story-books, for they had written on the wrappers, "For a good girl," "For a good boy," or "For a girl who tells the truth," "For an honest boy," carefully specifying the age of the recipient. Some few had written out names for the dolls.

Among other odd-looking packages was a small square one wrapped in pink tissue-paper and tied with bright green ribbon. Under the ribbon lay a sheet of note-paper folded several ways, and when it was opened it read:

DERE SANTY CLAUS

i want you to give this to sum wun that has to keep still like mee cos its lots of compinny.

Respectfly yurs

CLARA.

P. S. Aint the case splendid?
910 Jefison Avenoo.

There it was! In a gorgeous plush watch-case the prettiest toy watch you ever saw.

"As if on purpose to reward Ted's faith," exclaimed Miss Miles; "and from some unselfish little soul who thinks of others just as he does. If people only knew how near Jefferson Avenue and River street really are —"

"They 'd understand the New Testament then," rejoined her brisk Boston ally, "and there might be less work for you. But we must hurry on if this work is to be done to-night."

Very late that night it was *done*. The tree hung full of gifts, the tables were covered with packages, and Ted's stockings were stuffed full.

The dwellers at No. 10 slept late after their labor, and Ted had patrolled the block opposite a long, weary time before Miss Miles came to the window on Christmas morning and discovered him leaning against the railing, his face very pallid and tired, and his large brown eyes

fixed intently upon the house door, lest he should miss a chance to enter. It would never have occurred to him to ring the bell. He lived in a tenement-house where the door stands open all the time.

When she saw him, Miss Miles pushed up the window and beckoned to him.

During that dreary time of waiting on the street, Ted had begun to doubt the beautiful

drant and sink, and there washed his face as well as he could, before tasting a crumb. The water was cold, and there was, of course, no soap nor towel. It was very disagreeable, this first morning bath, and one cannot blame Ted for thinking it a hard way to begin the day. Shivering in his scanty clothing, he then started out, gnawing his dry bread. No wonder it had seemed to him almost noon before the kind face of last night looked out upon him.

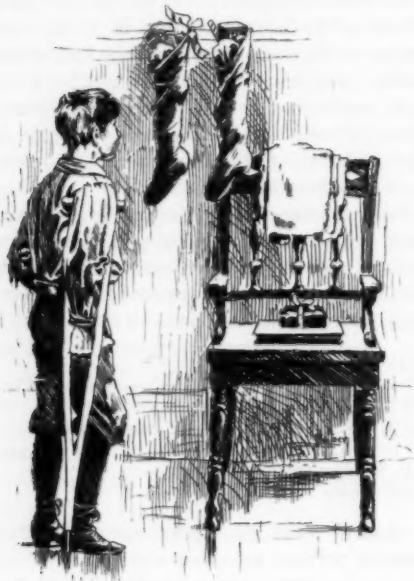
Miss Miles could not know all this; but she did know that the children in her neighborhood had a strong objection to ringing the bell, and she reproached herself for keeping the poor little fellow waiting in the chill air while she had been eating her breakfast. It had never crossed her mind that he would come so early, and hurrying down she brought him in to a good, warm fire and proposed that he should have something to eat. Ted looked at her wonderingly. So elated was he with expectation that he had no sense of cold or hunger. It was all *real* now—if only the rest would come right. There was one question he must ask; it had worried him since daylight, and caused him many anxious doubts. He put it directly in a shrill whisper with anxious haste:

"Oh, Missis, *did* he put the things in Kitty's stocking? I went and told you she was n't good, and mebbe he heard me. I did n't mean it a bit, but he—oh, he brung 'em to her jest the same, did n't he?"

The only reply was, "Come and see."

And when he did see, his heart was too full for speech. There hung the stockings, bulging out in strange shapes, and near them hung some warm underclothing for Ted, such as he had never before owned. Ted took down Kitty's stocking very carefully, and sat down to investigate. First a pair of red mittens, then two bright hair-ribbons, two handkerchiefs, a cornucopia of candy. In the heel was the precious orange, while nuts, figs, and raisins filled the toe.

The happy brother drew a long sigh of satisfaction. He had not hoped for so many gifts. Surely Kitty would be good now and come home again to him, so that he need not sit alone. He folded up each article neatly and replaced it in her stocking before he touched his own. He, too, had mittens, the candy, and



TED'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

story of last night, and even the event of his visit seemed vague and unreal. The awful thought which comes to us all, when some great pleasure is promised to us,—that it may be too good to be true,—had come to Ted.

"I might 'a' dreamed it," he said to himself, "or I might 'a' thought about it, settin' down to rest." But no; he felt sure he could n't have done that; such a flight of imagination was far beyond his powers.

So he held on bravely to the faith in Santa Claus which he thought necessary to the filling of Kitty's stocking.

Taking the end of a loaf of bread which had been put on the shelf for his breakfast, he went down three flights of stairs to the common hy-

the orange, and besides he had an easy game and a bright picture-book; but beyond all else he had the watch! It was a wonderful watch. When it was wound up the hands began to travel around the face with such expedition that they made the entire circuit in about fifteen minutes. The works then ran down, and you had all the pleasure of winding it up anew. Every little boy knows that the best part of owning a watch is winding it up, so this was the very best kind of a watch a little boy could own. Under the spell of possessing it, Ted submitted to a warm bath, with plenty of soap and towels, this time, and then put on the comfortable clothing. It was rather hard to have so much washing and dressing in one morning, but then for a watch one can stand a great deal. It was soon over, and away went Ted, hugging his treasures; and I am very glad to say that not one of the rough children about thought of molesting him.

Two days passed away. A heavy snow had fallen on Christmas night, and his new friends supposed he could not travel through it. On the third day at twilight he came, slipped in as he had done the first day, and silently waited for Miss Miles. To no one else would he speak. She was soon found, and came to him; but, looking at him closely, was shocked by a great change. His eyes were unnaturally bright, his breath came heavily and in gasps, and the hand she held was burning.

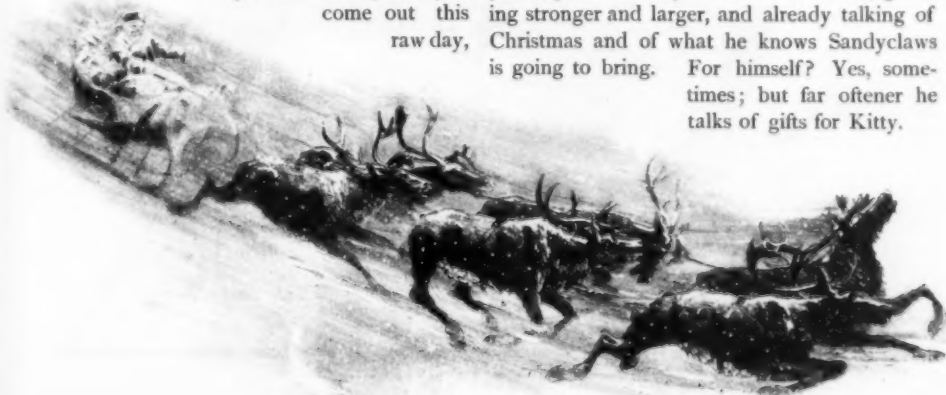
"Why, Ted," she exclaimed, "how ill you are! Why did you come out this raw day,

you poor child? Sit down and rest awhile before you tell me."

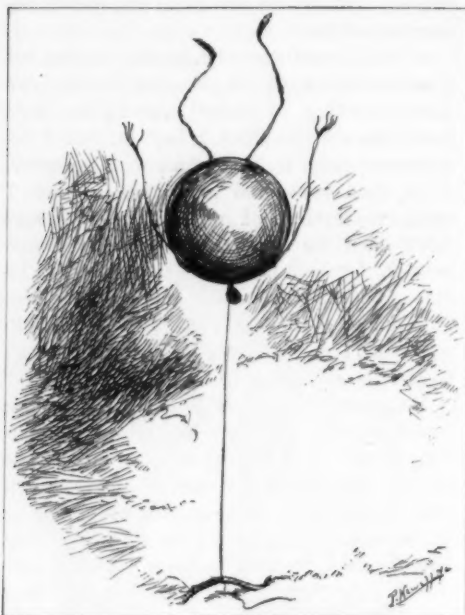
"I can't," said the child, faintly, holding out a small folded wad; "I jest came to bring you Kitty's stocking. I washed it, and I was 'fraid Sandyclaws would think I kep' it; but I fell down two times tryin' to come here yesterday. I 've been orful tired sence, and I guess I must stay in bed. I want to tell you that Kitty liked the things. She liked the watch best, an' I gave it to her, an' she sed she 'd be real good, 'cause now she knowed there was Sandyclaws. An' oh, Missis, it 's nice up to the 'sylum! I 'd like to go too, only she did n't hang up no stocking, and—s'pose *you* had n't!"

He paused from sheer fatigue. His interest in the subject had borne him on through this long speech, and he had more to say, but he did not say it then. A sort of shiver passed over him, he grew dizzy, and the next thing he knew he was lying in a little white bed, just like the bed he used to lie in so long ago. There were many other children in beds near him, and, after awhile, when he grew better they all began to talk together, and it was very pleasant and sociable.

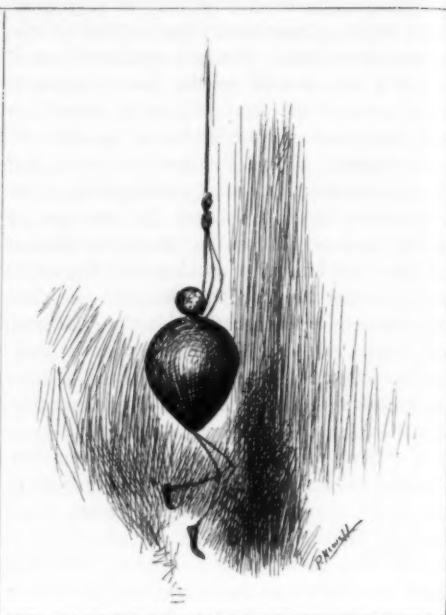
When he could once more use his crutch, and was fearing they would send him back to that desolate room he called his home, a great thing happened. Miss Miles brought to see him a certain learned doctor who knew all about lame people, and by his advice Ted was taken to the "Home for Crippled Children" just beyond the city. There he is now, growing stronger and larger, and already talking of Christmas and of what he knows Sandyclaws is going to bring. For himself? Yes, sometimes; but far oftener he talks of gifts for Kitty.



INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.



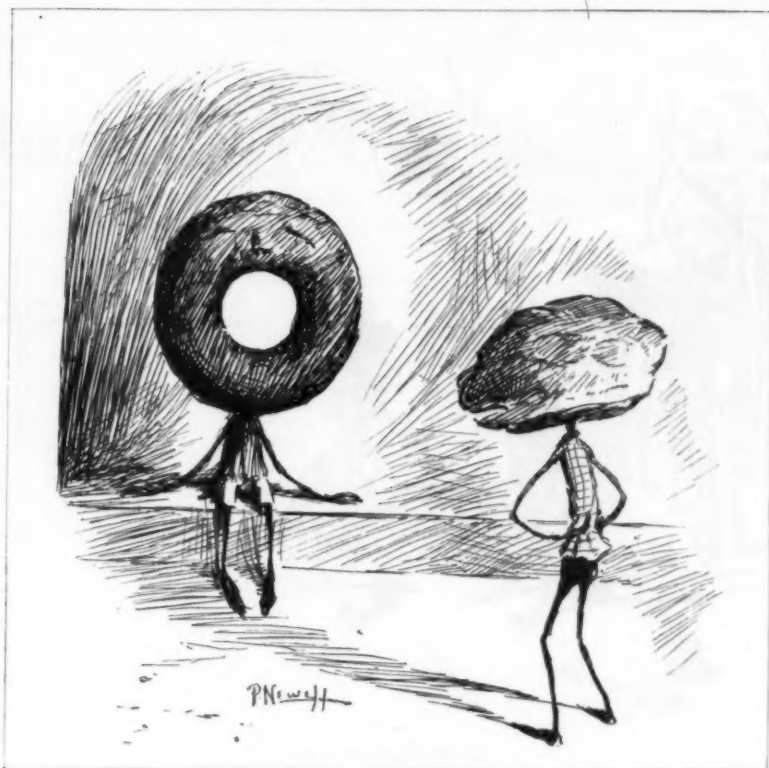
MR. TOY BALLOON WAS ALWAYS SO BUOYANT AND LIGHT-HEARTED HE MUST HAVE HUNG HIMSELF THROUGH SHEER CARELESSNESS.



A THRILLING ADVENTURE.
PLUMB BOB ESCAPES FROM THE FOURTH-STORY WINDOW.



MR. GLASS-CUTTER: "What skater can cut a better figure than I?"



ONE OF THE YAWNING KIND.

CREAM PUFF: "Well, that doughnut must be pretty sleepy; it has yawned for the last twelve hours."



EASY ENOUGH, FROM HIS STANDPOINT.

FOOT-BALL: "Don't know how to play foot-ball? All you have to do is to let yourself be carried around and be kicked."



OLD MR. PENCIL-SHARPENER:

"Pen-cils to shar-pen! Pen-cils to shar-pen!"



BY N. P. BARCOCK.

SAID the Queen of the Cannibal Islands one day
 To the King of the Cannibal Isles,
 "I fervently wish you would take me away;
 My appetite 's really becoming passé;
 I should like to go miles upon miles."

So they ordered their boat, and away they set sail,
 And with talk both pleasing and witty,
 And a glimpse now and then of a sociable whale
 (With occasional pauses in order to bail),
 At last they arrived in the city.

"Now, the first thing, my dear," said the King to the Queen,
 "That we really, you know, ought to do —"
 "Yes, dear husband," she murmured; "I know what you 'd say."
 So they entered a restaurant over the way,
 And ordered a little-boy stew.

"And, pray," said the King to the waiter, who stared
 With his eyes popping out of his head,

And who would have fainted right there had he dared,
 "I trust you will see that it 's ably prepared,—
 We 're particular how we are fed."

"Excuse me, good sir," said the waiter, whose hair
 Was beginning to whiten with fright,
 "But little-boy stew—oh! I hope you won't care—
 Is not to be found on our poor bill of fare;
 We 're short of that order to-night."

"Very well," said the King; "bring a little-girl pie,
 And see that the crust is well done."
 Just then there arose a most terrible cry,
 For the King, who was hungry, had fixed a keen eye
 On the waiter, who started to run.

I really can't finish this pitiful tale.
 The police took the strangers in hand;
 And I venture to say if that sociable whale
 Had dreamed in the least how the journey would fail,
 He would not have allowed them to land.



THE LETTER-BOX.

AURORA SPRINGS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live near the center of Missouri. I am a little girl ten years old. I have traveled a great deal. I spent one season at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. I enjoyed catching crabs from off the pier, and bathing is fine in Chesapeake Bay. We visited San Francisco, California. I loved to go out to the Cliff House; it is situated about six miles from San Francisco. The scenery is fine, especially the sea-lions playing on the rocks in the ocean in front of it. The great ocean waves as they dash against the rocky cliffs, make a loud roar, and fall back in spray through which you see the rainbow. It is truly grand. There are many places of interest there—the Presidio, where the United States soldiers are stationed, and the old fort at the entrance of the bay; also the Alcatraz Island, on which the United States prisoners are kept. I enjoyed our trip through Yellowstone Park most of all. The geysers are wonderful; but the most lovely sight I ever saw was the grand cañon. I stood on Point Inspiration one afternoon about four o'clock; the sun was shining brightly; there was an eagle's nest and fish-hawks just below on the cliffs. Oh, it looked so grand! I have my little cane that helped me climb about the mountains. It is a pine stick; I picked it up as we started up the cañon, just before we came to the cascades. I remain your constant reader,
SYLVIA J. S.—

NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of the lovely times I have in the country. Our country residence is in the eastern part of New York State, nine miles' drive from Schenectady. When I am there I ride horseback and drive. I was also in Dorchester, Mass., in the summer. One day we went to Salem and saw many historical things. One was a church that was built in 1629; the beams are the same old ones, but the siding is new. In Essex Institute we saw the lock from the door of the room in which the Declaration of Independence was written, the mittens and shirt that Governor Bradford was baptized in, the carving-knife and fork that Napoleon Bonaparte used at St. Helena, a piece of the chair Penn sat in when he made the treaty with the Indians, and two bottles of the tea that was thrown overboard at the Boston tea-party,—it was found in the shoes of Lot Cheever after removing his disguise,—and many other things. I am your constant reader, "PEGGY."

STUTTGART, GERMANY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my eldest sister was in America in 1887, she sent me ST. NICHOLAS for a present, and since that time I enjoy your coming every month. As a little girl I learned how to read English in your stories "for very little folks," and now, as I am sixteen, I know how to read your beautiful stories all by myself. Though I am a German girl, I like the English stories much more than the German ones. I think no German story is as beautiful as your "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or your "Lady Jane." I have a "Stränpfen," a society, with three of my school-friends. Every Tuesday we

meet; we read stories and work. In these afternoons we are making dresses and other things for poor children. We are always very happy and diligent. When the meeting was at our house, I showed them one of your volumes, and they all were astonished to see how beautiful your pictures are.

To-day it is nearly impossible to go over the street. You know that our Queen Olga died, and therefore every one is in haste and excitement. In all the streets there are flags, and in the windows there are pictures or busts of the Queen with flowers and plants around them. This evening the Emperor is expected, and beside him more than twenty-five princes announced their arrival. You know our dear Queen was very much beloved by every one who knew her. Twice a day all the bells of Stuttgart are ringing for half an hour. To-day the streets near the castle and the courtyard are so crowded with people, that one has to make a great detour to go to the upper part of town. To-day's evening papers say that twenty-four thousand people passed in file through the castle.

This spring one of my sisters brought us from England a pen-wiper made of a wishing-bone, like the one that was told about in your November number. I remain your loving reader,
LOUISE H.—

STROMEFERRY, SKYE, N. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for some time, and are much interested in your stories. We are staying up in Skye. I do not know whether you have been in Skye. It is very nice. Our house is a stone-throw from the sea. A little stone pier runs out into the sea. We fish off this pier for tiny fish, such as codlings, about three inches long. We used to swim, but now it is too cold. We have a boat and we go out deep-sea fishing. Our house faces the Island of Raasay, and on our right hand is the Island of Scalpay, and on our left is Sligachan Loch, and it is a very pretty sight to see the fishing-boats going up the loch every evening, with brown sails, to fish for herring. The children here are very dirty. They live in little dirty huts thatched with straw, and having ropes strung across with stones at both ends to keep the roof on. This is the first time I have written to you. I hope the letter is interesting enough to be printed.

I remain your affectionate and interested reader,

K. MAUD A. L.—

(Nine years old.)

TEHUANTEPEC, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my second letter, but I don't think you received the first one, because it had n't the right address on the envelop. I am going to tell you that this is the first year I have taken you, but you beat all the books I have read for young folks. Children enjoy reading your serial stories, and they learn a great deal from them. Even grown-up folks read them.

I am a telegraph-operator for the Central and South American Company on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and am twelve years old.

Your constant reader,

MORSE D.—

TIVOLI, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about our visit to Rome last year, and about all the wonderful and curious things that we saw in that dear old city. I am very fond of Rome and Italy, for my mother is an Italian.

I have lived a good deal in both England and France. We are now visiting my aunt on the North River. It is a beautiful place, and I have enjoyed my visit to America very much.

When we were in Rome we did a great deal of going about and sight-seeing. One day my mother told me that we were going to see the catacombs. I said nothing, but, to tell the truth, I felt a little frightened, and when the time came I would not go down, but stayed up-stairs with the monks.

The picture-galleries of Rome are not so fine as those of Florence. The world-renowned church of St. Peter is a wonderful building. I saw the statue of St. Peter. Now good-by. I am your devoted and interested reader,

ANITA W.—

VILLANOVA P. O., DEL. CO., PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three girl-cousins, and are staying in the country together.

There is a small bit of woods by our house, and one day we cooked down there on a little iron stove, and fried some potatoes and bread, which were very good, considering it was the first time we had ever cooked alone. We had a picnic last fall, and we were standing by a small pool with some of our friends, when a girl took me, Louise, by the arm, and said, laughingly, "Let's take a swim," and accidentally we fell in. The water was not deep, so we easily crawled out, looking, as the others said, "like drowned rats."

One afternoon, last summer, we took a walk with a friend. Some yellow-jackets came out and flew after her and got in her hair and her clothes, and stung her very badly in eleven places. She turned so red and slapped herself so that we thought she was crazy, and ran up to her to help her, at which the yellow-jackets tried to sting us, too, but did not succeed. Your constant readers,

LOUISE, ALICE, AND NANCY.

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was mother's birthday a few days ago, and we children gave her two little gold-fish in a glass bowl. We have called them "Punch" and "Judy." They are no trouble to keep. We feed them on ants' eggs, and give them two a day and change the water once a week.

I have a dear little canary which sings very merrily and wakes me up nearly every morning. Its name is "Toby." Sometimes I open the cage and let it fly about the room. It enjoys this greatly. I catch it by putting my handkerchief gently over it, and it lies in my hand and pretends to be dead,—but soon comes to life again in its cage.

I have two twin brothers, Archie and Kingsley,—they are nearly eight,—and a little sister Mary. Good-by. From your little friend,

MARGARET W. B.—

FORT KEOGH, MONTANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend has given me a year's subscription to your magazine for a Christmas present. I also got the bound volumes for 1892.

I have a great many books, and take several papers; but among them all I don't think I like any better than I like you.

I wish I could know Mary P. E. and Winnie M. P., of

Fort Sam Houston, because I am an army girl myself. My papa is a captain in the regiment next to theirs in number—the 22d Infantry. We are far north among ice and snow and cold, while they are walking among flowers every day. But we have lots of fun, and, although we can't ride in ambulances (for papa says the "Bogie Man" at Washington will catch us if we do!), when the market-sleigh comes around, every morning, we hitch our sleds to it and have jolly times being pulled around the fort. Somebody is always upset.

Your true friend, WINIFRED V. W.—

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a little dog that was given to us by a captain of a merchant ship. The dog's name was "Dick," and he could go up a ladder with a pitcher of milk, and would go down again just as well as a person would go up and down stairs. He was a splendid swimmer. When the ship sailed away he cried as if he were entreating the ship to come back.

Yours sincerely,

M. M. H.—

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years.

I don't like the winters here at all, for you can't slide down hill then; but you can in summer, and this is the way it is done: First we find a long steep hill, covered with long, dry, foxtail-grass; then we get a long board and drag it sideways down the hill, which smooths the grass. Then we make some sleds, and are ready to slide down the hill.

I saw our neighbor brand four colts with his brand (P); he blindfolded them, and then pressed the hot brand against their left fore shoulder, burning the hair off, and leaving a scar the shape of the brand, which they never outgrow. Your loving reader,

E. A. R.—

P. S.—They brand in the dark of the moon; otherwise they believe that the brand will grow larger.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my trip to Alaska. We left Portland, Oregon, one bright June day for Tacoma, which is beautifully situated on Puget Sound, and from there you have a lovely view of Mount Tacoma, one of the highest peaks on the Pacific coast. Its summit is always covered with snow.

Our first stop after leaving Tacoma by steamer was at Seattle, but because it was so early in the morning and the boat only waited there a little while, we stayed on the boat and did not get off at all.

Our next landing was at Victoria, B. C., where we stayed five hours. We reached there about eight o'clock in the morning and went to the Hotel Victoria, where we had our breakfast; afterward we took a carriage and drove all around the town. We went over a bridge, above a pretty cascade, and we saw the Navy Yard and dry-dock near by.

From Victoria we went to Fort Wrangel, which used to be an old Russian fort; now it is nothing but a small Indian settlement, and there are some very curious things to see. I saw some very queer poles—totem poles they are called—carved out of trees; some of them had figures of bears on top of them, some whales and some eagles. We got off the boat and walked till we came to a very shaky old bridge, and carefully went across it. On the other side we saw some more totem poles; one of the most curious had a bear carved on top of the pole and the footprints of the bear going all the way up to the top.

The next stop we made was at Juneau, which is quite an interesting place and has a population of 1655; but most of them are Indians. On the dock there were Indian women with baskets, silver bangles, and spoons and salmon-berries to sell. The Indians are very clever in making the bracelets and spoons out of coin-silver with very rude tools; they were also very clever in making a bargain with us.

From Juneau we went across Douglas Sound to the Treadwell Stamp-mills, and I enjoyed seeing them take the gold from the ore.

We then went on to Sitka, which is on Baranoff Island, further south. We reached there on the Fourth of July and fired a salute with a small cannon before we reached the dock; the captain had the ship all trimmed with flags, and it made it look very gay. The harbor of Sitka is lovely, filled with little islands, and there are snow-capped mountains all around it.

We got off the ship and went first to see the Greek church, which is very interesting. There is an oil-painting there of the Madonna and Child, which came from Russia and is very beautiful; there are other paintings

in the church, and all of them are very old. There is an old castle at Sitka which used to belong to the Russians, as Sitka is an old Russian town and must be over a hundred years old.

After leaving Sitka the most wonderful sight of the whole trip was going through Glacier Bay among the icebergs, where we went to see the great Muir Glacier; it was the sixth of July, but was so cold that we had to put on all the winter clothes that we had.

It rained nearly all the time we were there, but we had a good view of the glacier. The captain sent us ashore in small rowboats, and nearly everybody went, in spite of the wet weather. We had to walk a long way before we got to the glacier, and when we reached it, it was just like walking on ice.

Prof. Reid of Cleveland, and the friend of his who was with him, had a little hut built near the glacier, where they were going to stay some months. We started on our return trip, stopping at Juneau, Wrangel, and Port Townsend, and we made the entire trip in seventeen days.

Yours truly,

KATHARINE L. McC—.



IN THE WOODS IN MARCH. "WHICH IS THE WAY HOME?"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals and finals, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Napoleon. 2. Altamaha. 3. Poetship. 4. Obligato. 5. Ladleful. 6. Enervate. 7. Oratorio. 8. Napoleon.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS: I. 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Amis. 4. Sciatic. 5. Estop. 6. Sip. 7. C. II. 1. F. 2. Dan. 3. Donor. 4. Fana. 5. Noted. 6. Rid. 7. C. III. 1. C. 2. Par. 3. Papal. 4. Capital. 5. Rated. 6. Lad. 7. L. IV. 1. L. 2. Mat. 3. Mucus. 4. Lasonic. 5. Tuncr. 6. Sir. 7. C. V. 1. L. 2. Cab. 3. Cater. 4. Lateral. 5. Berry. 6. Ray. 7. L.

DIAMOND: 1. G. 2. Ten. 3. Tones. 4. Genesis. 5. Nests. 6. Sis. 7. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Civility may truly be said to cost nothing; if it does not meet with a due return, it at least leaves you in the most creditable position."

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, spindle; 1 to 3, spiders; 2 to 3, enlists; 4 to 5, paing; 4 to 6, paddles; 5 to 6, guesses.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—"The McG's"—"Uncle Mung"—Mama and Jamie—"Nearthebay"—Alice M. Blanke and Co.—L. O. E.—C. W. Brown—"The Wise Five"—E. M. G.—Rosalee Bloomingdale—Paul Reese—"Infantry"—Stephen O. Hawkins—Jessie Chapman—Josephine Sherwood—"Leather-Stocking"—Suse—"Helen C. McCleary—Ida Carleton Thallon—Jo and I—"Wareham"—Hubert L. Bingay—Ida and Alice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Helen B. Myer, 1—Helen T. Markham, 1—G. B. Dyer, 6—"Bick," 1—Arnold Furst, 1—Charlie Ames, 1—Marie A. B., 1—J. S. and E. S., 1—Rosita C. de V. Cornwell, 1—Walter Pach, 1—Edwin B. Potts, 1—Bessie and I, 1—Marion, 1—Jeannette, 1—Margaret S. Otheman, 1—John Farson, Jr., 1—Sister Mary F., 1—Melville Hunnewell, 4—"Uncas," 6—"Bolero," 2—Herbert Lockwood, 1—Sadie and Jamie, 3—Maud and Dudley Banks, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Arthur D. Quackenbush, 1—Delia L. Newton, 2—S. C. Hilder, 2—Arthur F. Saenger, 1—Effie W. Perkins, 1—M. D. Gardener, 1—Annie B. Thorne, 1—Laura M. Zinser, 5—"Two Chums," 2—Chester B. Sumner, 6—No Name, Waterbury, Conn., 5—"Elizabeth," 4—Dora F. Hereford, 5—"Two Sage Judges," 2—Frank Rieder, 1.

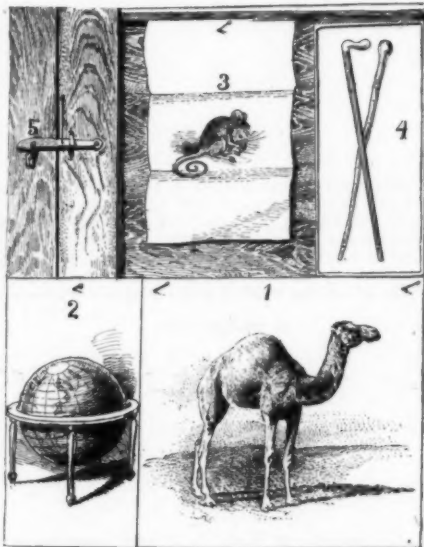
HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. The sea-cow. 2. A flowering shrub. 3. Ycleped. 4. Beverages. 5. To spread abroad. 6. Half of a word meaning "to acquire by labor." 7. In money.

II. 1. An animal resembling a small hog. 2. A character in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." 3. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 4. A descendant. 5. A feminine name. 6. A musical tone. 7. In money.

"XELIS."

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the above pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given,

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Krait. 2. Emmet. 3. Apron. 4. Snood. 5. Elder.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Fold the lower part of the puzzle in half, lengthwise, and the name of George Washington will appear. The answer to the rebus on the upper part is, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

A HEXAGON. 1. Talc. 2. Alert. 3. Legers. 4. Crenate. 5. Traced. 6. Steed. 7. Edda.

PROVERB PUZZLE. Longfellow. 1. Folks. 2. Known. 3. Honey. 4. Wager. 5. Offer. 6. Great. 7. Folly. 8. Tella. 9. Grown. 10. Fewer.—ANAGRAM. Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BEHEADINGS. Beranger. 1. B-read. 2. E-rebus. 3. R-each. 4. A-theist. 5. N-arrow. 6. G-host. 7. E-motion. 8. R-hone.

COMPLEX SQUARE. Across: 1. Shad. 2. Wane. 3. Aril. 4. Yell.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Waterloo. 1. Wafer. 2. Alter. 3. Theme. 4. Eagle. 5. Reign. 6. Lance. 7. Olive. 8. Opine.

the central letters reading downward will spell the name of a painter who has been called "The American Wilkie." RUTH.

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS man of letters:

STYLE? LO, A CHARM!

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A kind of cement. 2. To detest. 3. To polish. 4. A strengthening medicine. 5. Upright.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Parts of a watch. 2. Borne by the feet. 3. Stately. 4. A musical term meaning sweetly. 5. A spirited horse.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A lock of hair. 2. Pulverized volcanic substances. 3. The after song. 4. To move sideways. 5. To slumber.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Throws down with violence. 2. Harmony. 3. An ecclesiastical head-dress. 4. The Turkish government. 5. To show contempt.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The appearance which anything manifests. 2. A harbor. 3. To turn aside. 4. A woolen twilled stuff. 5. To go in.

F. W. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. My primals and finals each name an English author.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To ascend. 2. To expiate. 3. Unsullied. 4. To beautify. 5. Concord. 6. An Egyptian water-lily. 7. An island in the Ægean sea. 8. To long for.

II. My primals and finals each name an English author.

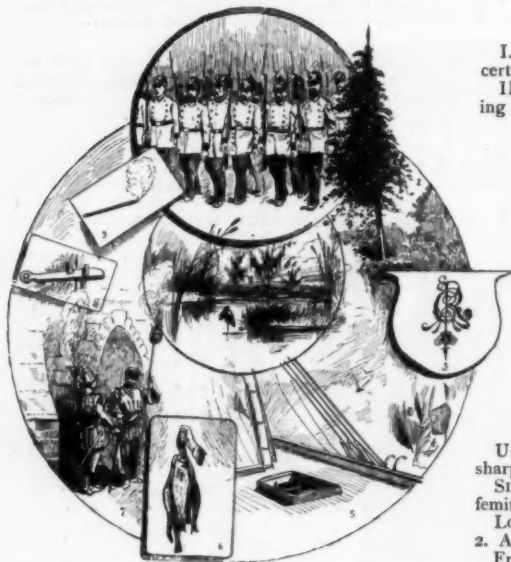
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To shatter. 2. Semi-diameters of circles. 3. Made of oak. 4. To deal unjustly with. 5. Observes. 6. Visionary. 7. Courage. 8. Frivolous.

LAURA M. Z.

PI.

OD yuo kown weerh het scocur swolb?
Drune het wonss;
Dewi-edye dan swimome adn tinyland fiar
Sa awnex coxtie scole-dented dan rear;
Yerve dilt skown
Ewerh het frits crusco swolb.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS.



THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change LAMP to FIRE in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

In the accompanying picture, change MARCH back again to MARCH in nine moves. Each change is shown in the illustration, and each picture used in the puzzle is numbered. The central picture is not a part of the puzzle.

J. C. B.

ZIGZAG.

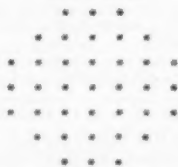
ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the

zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a celebrated poem by Milton.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A delicate tissue. 2. To praise in song. 3. Nice perception. 4. An inferior magistrate among the Mohammedans. 5. Any system of rules relating to one subject. 6. An African parrot. 7. Any species of cormorant.

D.

OCTAGON.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. The point of a pen. 2. A little carving in relief. 3. A pale red color, with a cast of orange. 4. To proceed. 5. Scolded. 6. Pertaining to a certain grain. 7. To scatter for drying.

ELDERED IUNGERICH.

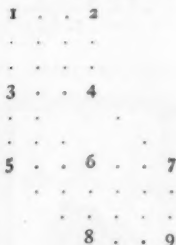
WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. PERTAINING to ships. 2. A proverb. 3. Uncertain. 4. Chills. 5. An old word meaning to hurt.

II. 1. Fear. 2. A maniac. 3. An old word meaning to shun. 4. A volcano. 5. Fear.

A. L. B. AND C. S. P.

BOX-PUZZLE.



UPPER SQUARE (1 to 2, etc.): 1. To go before. 2. The sharp side of a knife. 3. A chill. 4. An animal.

SIDE SQUARE (3 to 6, etc.): 1. An animal. 2. A feminine name. 3. To send forth. 4. To estimate.

LOWER SQUARE (6 to 7, etc.): 1. Fixed allowance. 2. Ancient. 3. To care for. 4. A small whirlpool.

From 4 to 7, that which is established as a criterion.

H. W. E.

A PENTAGON.



1. IN puzzles. 2. Turf. 3. A word occurring frequently in the Psalms. 4. A mammal having a single hoof on each foot. 5. Marked with spots of different shades of color. 6. The handle of an ax. 7. To estimate.

F. S. F.

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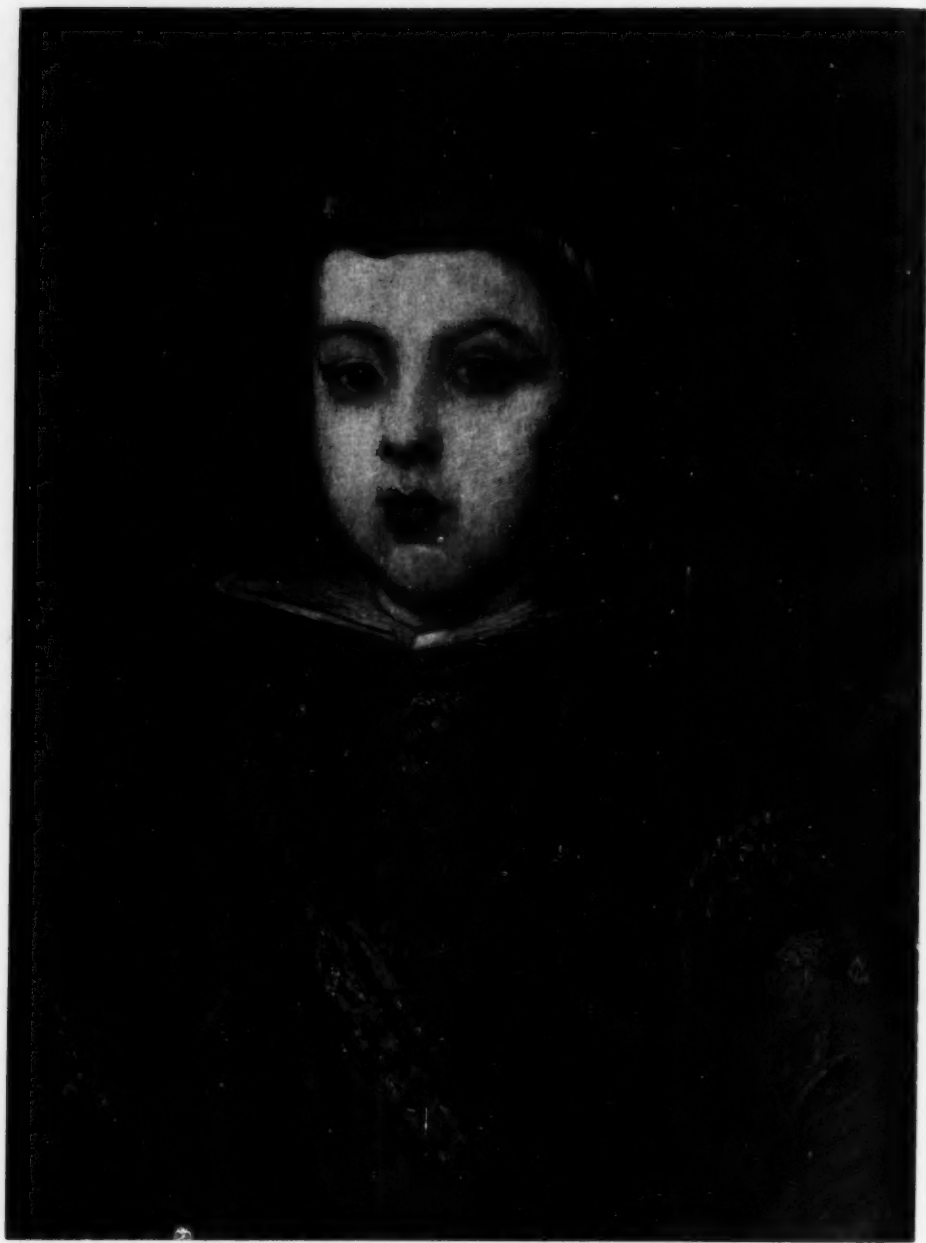
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A SPANISH BOY.

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.
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